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DEATH TO MONOPOLY!

UNCLE SAM HERCULES. "That's right, my boy. That's the way to crush him; and if you fail, I'll see what I can do."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 66 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *issued February 1, contains as a frontispiece a charming picture by* H. B. WOLCOTT, *entitled "Kitty's First Pie"; Chapter Eight of "Toby Tyler," in which Toby captures the runaway monkeys, and becomes the hero of the hour, illustrated; full directions for the building of a flat-bottomed sailboat, with working plans; "Our Nine-Pounder," a thrilling sea story, by* GEORGE H. COOMER; *"The Newsboys' Home, and How it Helped Joe," an article on the newsboys' lodging-houses of New York, with five illustrations; "Little Biddy's Party," a story for girls; Chapter One of "Phil's Fairies," a new serial for the younger readers, by* MRS. W. J. HAYS, *illustrated by* MRS. JESSIE CURTIS SHEPHERD; *more "Mirthful Magic," by* MR. G. B. BARTLETT; *poems, puzzles, new tricks, comics, and other attractions.*

A LOOK AHEAD.

THE conduct of General GARFIELD throughout the campaign and since the election shows a happy ability, invaluable to a public man, to conform to the proprieties of the situation without effort or evasion. During the campaign the candidate did not seclude himself nor remain silent. But without avoiding a natural publicity, everything that he said or did commended him to public confidence as having the ability which Artemus Ward ascribed to WASHINGTON, of not slopping over. He made a great many speeches, but not a word that he said embarrassed himself or alarmed his friends. He showed as admirable self-possession and manly self-respect during the campaign as he had shown in the nominating Convention. As President-elect, his conduct has been equally sensible. He has been tormented with delegations and self-appointed advisers, as travellers are tortured with gnats and sand-flies, but he has preserved perfect equanimity, and the few addresses that he has made have indicated the same excellent self-command. There have been whirlwinds of rumors about the cabinet, about a "treaty of Mentor," about the policy of the new Administration, but not a word has been traced to General GARFIELD. Mr. SIMON CAMERON went to see him, and it was instantly announced that General GARFIELD had made him his political father confessor. General GRANT and Mr. CONKLING called upon him, and straightway came the thrilling tidings that General GARFIELD had placed his Administration in their hands. A little later it was borne abroad, and with a certain air of credibility, that Mr. BLAINE was to be Secretary of State. But not a reporter nor a special correspondent has pretended that he could cite a word of General GARFIELD'S, or that he really knew anything whatever. Some reports undoubtedly were more probable than others; but that was all.

Nothing can be more impertinent than delegations to urge upon a President-elect particular persons for his cabinet. Some things must be assumed. When a Parliamentary leader is summoned by the Queen to form a ministry, it is because of his perfect familiarity with public men and public measures. Nothing could be more grotesque than a deputation from Yorkshire to ask that Yorkshire be "recognized" in the formation of the cabinet; not, indeed, because geographical considerations are of no account, but because the leader knows it better than anybody else. He knows the importance and the due weight of local considerations, and of all other circumstances. So if General GARFIELD is fit to be President, it is largely because he is master of all the kind of information which is so profusely volunteered. Indeed, this is especially true in his case, because he has been a prominent and active public man and party leader for nearly twenty years. It may be safely assumed that when he has wished for advice he has asked for it, and in the mean time he can have a vast and miscellaneous supply from the newspapers without asking for it. But it is a free country, and a cat may always look upon a king. There is nothing to prevent the widest speculation upon the probable course of the President-elect, speculation based upon his character and career and the actual political situation. General GARFIELD'S position among the various groups of the party is well known. He belongs to the active and progressive section. He is a close student of political science. Upon general political questions and their modern aspects he was probably the best-read man in Congress. He was chosen a member of the Cobden Club not so much, we suppose, because he was a free-trader as because he was in general sympathy with the modern political spirit. He is thoroughly sound upon the financial question. He has been always sounder upon it than Mr. SHERMAN or any other Western Republican statesman of equal standing. He has spoken and written cogently and admirably upon the reform of the civil service. Indeed, he is, in general, an advanced Republican, but always a Republican, and, in the ordinary sense, a party man.

Now the effective value of a statesman's views and sympathies depends, of course, upon the force of his personal character, in the first place, and secondly, upon the circumstances of his situation. It is fair to assume that General GARFIELD will make a strong party administration, and rely upon a strong party support in Congress. It is equally fair to suppose that while his cabinet will represent the party, by not pointedly excluding any portion of it, its tone will be generally harmonious with his own views. In other days Mr. SEWARD was an antislavery Whig, Mr. GRANGER and Mr. WASHINGTON HUNT were Silver Gray Whigs. It would be foolish to suppose that if Mr. SEWARD had been President, he would have made a Silver Gray cabinet. He would not have "ostracized" any wing of the party, but Mr. GRANGER and Mr. WASHINGTON HUNT would certainly not have been in chief places, nor would they have given the tone to the administration. That the cabinet will be what is known as a reform cabinet, seems to us very doubtful. There is no reform party in Congress. There is, indeed, a strong reform sentiment in the country, but it is not yet so organized as to elect representatives. Yet that the new Administration will undo any work of administrative reform which has begun successfully under Republican auspices, we should be sorry to believe. In New York, at least, such action would alienate undoubtedly a very valuable moral support. Such a result, however, need not be anticipated. There is no reason to borrow trouble. But it is undeniable that a strong party Administration would mean reliance upon party usages, and could hardly be interpreted to mean surrender of the power of patronage. General GARFIELD is of opinion that reform can not be made effective without legislation. It is certainly improbable that, in the absence of a public opinion strong enough to compel legislation, he would attempt reform by the Executive power alone. The Southern question, we presume, will not be disturbed. If our general view be correct, the Administration will select for appointment in the Southern States Republicans of the best character it can find. The policy of President HAYES in regard to the Election Laws will be maintained, and all that the national government can do to protect the rights of voters, and to correct fraud and violence at the Southern polls, will be done. It may be fairly expected that there will be nothing hostile to the Southern States in the spirit or measures of the Administration, and that any disposition upon the part of "the South" to suppress its own Bourbonism will be gladly welcomed by the Administration, and sustained by its sympathy. All probabilities point to a perfectly firm, frank, and patriotic course upon this question. Thus we anticipate not a distinctively reform Administration, but a robust and vigorous conduct of affairs upon generally accepted Republican principles.

THE PROSPERITY OF OUR CANALS.

THE report of Mr. SEYMOUR, the New York State Engineer and Surveyor, upon the "Prosperity of Our Canals," is an exceedingly interesting and suggestive document. It contains a great deal of information which will probably surprise those who do not follow closely the contest of enterprise in the international carrying trade. We are so fond of celebrating "our unequalled advantages" that we forget the hare and the tortoise. Advantages are benefits only to those who know how to use them. Of what benefit are fertile lands, if we must burn the harvest? Of what use are coal and iron in our soil, if we must leave them there untouched? When the great endeavors of statesmanship are to turn out a postmaster, or to keep in a collector, the great interests of the country are uncomprehended and neglected.

The centre of population and production in the Union is now north of Cincinnati, and it is steadily moving to a point between Chicago and St. Louis. This movement gives to the lake ports a cardinal importance. Perceiving this fact, Great Britain has steadily sought to open a direct waterway into the heart of the producing centre of this country, and within two or three years British steam-ships of two thousand tons will lie at the wharves of Chicago, unloading merchandise, receiving grain and provisions, which, without transshipment or elevating, and without charges of storing, etc., paying toll only on the Welland Canal and on the river above Montreal, will proceed straight and uninterruptedly to Europe. To accomplish this result, Great Britain has spent about fifty millions of dollars upon a system of waterways, and she will think the outlay trifling if by their aid she can control the carrying trade from the heart of the Union to the markets of the world.

Now, as Mr. SEYMOUR well says, as long as the continuous water route of the lakes, the Erie and Oswego canals, and the Hudson River can furnish a cheaper line of transportation, New York is safe. But Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, and Montreal are competing for the prize. Our question, therefore, is how to cheapen transportation by the New York water route. The larger the vessel, the less the cost of carrying; and the deeper the water, the larger the vessel may be. If our waters would admit vessels drawing a single foot more than the Welland Canal allows, we should have a great advantage. By clearing the natural channels between the great lakes, and deepening Buffalo Harbor, twenty feet of water can be gained, while the Welland locks will only admit vessels drawing thirteen and one-half feet. The national government is deepening these channels, and New York, in Mr. SEYMOUR'S opinion, must deepen the canals. One foot increase in depth would enable the boats to carry one-fifth more cargo. With this increase, which would cost one million of dollars, and with a reduction of freight for a bushel of wheat, from Buffalo to New York, from five and a half to four and a half cents, the present danger would be averted. Mr. SEYMOUR favors low tolls, and he is, indeed, of opinion that an abolition of tolls upon west-bound freight would be a signal benefit to the commerce of the State. The Legislature may wisely heed his suggestions, and New-Yorkers will find his report very interesting reading.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE TELEGRAPH.

IT is a favorite and familiar principle of political economy that demand regulates supply. Under perfectly normal conditions, were they possible, this might be always true. But it is a principle which is actually modified in many ways, and which may be practically suspended by huge aggregations of capital. The great objection to such aggregations is that they tend to disturb the simple and natural industrial relations, and it is for that reason that the growth and increase of vast corporations, or, in other words, of huge and resistless combinations of capital, in this country, are regarded with suspicion and apprehension. It is this which explains the kind of feeling with which the recent union of the telegraph companies is viewed. It is but another form of the hostility to the great railroad combinations. Such concentrations of power have both an industrial and political influence in which everybody is interested. While the Erie Canal was yet building, sixty years ago, it was recognized as a vast political agency, and the political importance of its rival, the Central Railroad, has been long familiar.

It is not surprising that simultaneously with the union of the telegraph companies the project of a postal or government telegraph should be revived. A special committee of the National Board of Trade has just made an interesting report upon the subject, full of valuable and suggestive information, derived from English experience. In 1869, the English government took the telegraphs in that country at an appraised value, and upon the general principle that it is the business of the government to transmit intelligence, and that in connection with the postal system the government can promote the public welfare by extending the telegraph where private enterprise would not find it profitable. The principle has been public benefit rather than immediate pecuniary profit. In 1869 there were 2488 offices, and in 1880 there were 5331. The number of messages sent in 1869 was 6,500,000, and in 1880 it was 26,547,137. The department during these ten years has paid all expenses, and made a surplus of $10,000,000, which has helped pay the interest on the government bonds issued for the purchase, and has also paid for the extension and increase of the work. Thus in 1869 there were 5601 miles of line, and in 1880 there were 23,156. In 1869 there were 48,990 miles of wire, and in 1880 there were 101,851. In 1869 there were 2200 instruments, and in 1880 there were 8151. There is a similar increase in the miles of submarine cable and in yards of pneumatic tube. But it is the great increase in the value of the service to the public which is the important gain. The government rate is one shilling, or about twenty-five cents, for twenty words, besides date, address, and signature, to any part of the kingdom. The old rates under the private companies were much higher, and while they sent out about 6000 words of news daily while Parliament was sitting, and about 4000 at other times, the present dispatch, under government control, is about 25,000 words in the one case, and 21,000 in the other. Postmaster-General MAYNARD, in his late report, bears testimony to the large increase of business, the lower cost, and the great and equal diffusion of the convenience of telegraphing in the English system since it passed under government control.

These striking figures and facts are open, of course, to two criticisms: one is that it is not the function of government to go into business, and run railroads and telegraphs, or to make butter or boots, and the other is that a government telegraph implies an immense increase of places and patronage, when their present proportions are an enormous peril. But to these criticisms it is answered, first, that by common consent government has always and already undertaken the transmission of intelligence, and that an argument against a government telegraph is an argument against a government post-office; and second, that as between great monopolies and government patronage the question is merely one of comparative peril. The committee of the Board of Trade reported a resolution, which was adopted by more than a two-thirds vote, that the telegraph should be made a part of the postal system of the United States. The committee evidently favor purchase of the existing lines. The alternative is the erection of new lines by the government, and direct rivalry—a proposition which also has supporters, but which is obviously less tenable.

A DEMOCRATIC OPPORTUNITY.

THERE is no dispute about the result of the Presidential election, and no man in his senses wishes to make trouble over the count in February. The Democrats, therefore, have nothing to gain by insisting upon the preposterous plan which is pending, and as their sensible men ought to defeat it if it came to a vote, why not make a merit of the situation, and propose a rule so plainly fair that it will be universally commended? The abstract question of the power of the Vice-President to determine what certificates shall be counted is not raised, because there is no contest, so far as known, in any State. But it is, and will always be, a "burning" question, until it is settled. There is no harm, then, in proposing, although there is no probability of Democratic assent, that the Democratic Congress should take leave of legislative power for the present by a simple act, like the EDMUNDS bill, providing that all disputes shall be settled in the States, and that if there be a contest over the rightful State authority itself, as happened in some of the Southern States, it shall be decided by the consent of both Houses of Congress.

Any plan which would enable either the Vice-President or a single House virtually to elect a President—except in the case for which the Constitution expressly provides—should not be tolerated. There is nothing to be added to the discussion. The argument is really closed. What is wanted is a provision which does not exist, but the absence of which is a perpetual peril. It is the shame of Congress that simple and necessary legislation, upon which all intelligent and patriotic citizens are agreed, is so difficult as to seem almost hopeless. It is the inevitable consequence of patronage politics, or a system which tends to send political hucksters and jobbers to Congress, that small politics take the place of legislation, and that the plainest lessons of experience are disregarded.

If any man will take the trouble to recall the condition of the public mind in this country four years ago at this very time—the excited and furious partisan appeals that came from the visitors in the Southern States; the clear perception of sensible people that the dead lock, which the wisest observers had distinctly foreseen and expressly described, had now actually occurred; the gloomy doubt and sober apprehension of which every intelligent man was conscious—he will find it hard to reconcile with his faith in American good sense the fact that nothing whatever was done to prevent the immediate recurrence of the possible catastrophe, but that we were content to blunder and drift along into another election with every probability of a return of the same situation, which, we may be very sure, would not have been resolved in the same way. After this winter, the Republicans will again take the responsibility. They will have no excuse for neglecting action upon the subject. But meanwhile nothing would so become the Democratic party as leaving power, if in the act the happy thought should strike it of doing what all sensible Americans wish to have

done. The BICKNELL proposition to permit a party majority in one House of Congress to set aside, upon any absurd pretense, the result of a Presidential election, is too contemptible for serious consideration.

THE NOMINATION OF MR. STANLEY MATTHEWS.

THE nomination of Mr. STANLEY MATTHEWS to succeed Judge SWAYNE as Justice of the Supreme Court does not impress the country favorably, because, whatever his excellence as a man, his learning as a lawyer, and his ability as an advocate may be, his public career has not inspired respect for his judgment, nor confidence in the soundness of his opinions. Next to personal character, the judicial temperament is the chief qualification of a judge, and this is precisely what seems to be wanting in Mr. MATTHEWS.

There is no position within the nomination of the President which requires more circumspection properly to fill than one upon the Supreme Bench. It should bear intrinsic evidence of being made solely upon high public considerations, and of being unquestionable in every respect. Mr. MATTHEWS is personally beyond reproach, but his nomination has not struck the public mind as of the kind we describe.

JUSTICE FOR THE PONCAS.

THE commission appointed by the President on the 18th of December to determine what is demanded of the government, by justice and humanity, toward the Ponca Indians, have just submitted the most honorable report in our annals upon the true Indian policy of the government. The wrongs of the Poncas are a familiar and accusing tale. The discussion of them has for the first time aroused and impressed the public mind and conscience upon the Indian question, and it is one of the titles of this Administration to favorable remembrance that the President designated an investigating commission; that he placed upon it two of the bravest and most distinguished Indian fighters in the army, Generals GEORGE CROOK and NELSON A. MILES, in whom, however, the heroic soldier has not extinguished the humane man; and that, in concert with two civilians, they have reached conclusions which the conscience and intelligence of the whole country will approve.

In brief, the commission declares that the lands solemnly guaranteed to the Poncas were taken from them without cause, and that they were removed without sufficient reason, and that until very lately they have shown the strongest desire to return—a part of them, indeed, having made their way back—and that those who have agreed to remain in the Indian Territory have done so in despair of regaining their rights in Dakota and Nebraska, and because of their conviction that they could obtain a stronger title in the Indian Territory. The commission further states that the Poncas who have returned to their old lands are quiet, industrious, and friendly. In this situation, the report declares that for the future influence and authority of the government over the other tribes, who watch the Ponca problem with much more intelligence than is usually supposed, "there should be an ample and speedy redress of wrongs, thus exhibiting a conspicuous example of the government's purpose to do justice to all." These are words, supported as they are by the character and convictions of the commission, and by their propositions, which are worthy of America.

The commission proposes that within one year from the passage of an act of Congress granting such lands, an allotment of one hundred and sixty acres be made to each man, woman, and child of the Poncas, to be selected by them either in the old reservation in Dakota or in the tract in the Indian Territory now occupied by them, with free communication between the two settlements, and that the fee of such land shall not be alienable nor the land taxable for a period of thirty years from the date of the patent, and until such time thereafter as the President may determine. Meanwhile the government is to extinguish all claims to such lands, and shall continue the annual appropriation of not less than $53,000 for the benefit of the Poncas, *pro rata*, and $25,000 are to be at once appropriated for agricultural implements, stock, and seed. Teachers also are to be provided, and prompt action is invoked, that the long-pending controversy may be settled "according to the dictates of humanity and justice." The commission also recommends that the Indians should have the opportunity of appeal to the courts for the protection of person and property. If the recommendations of this able commission, the promptness and thoroughness of whose work is a refreshing contrast to the general course of political commissions, should be as promptly adopted and executed by Congress, a great wrong will be righted, and an Indian policy will have been at least begun, which has been too long delayed.

THE "RUGBEIAN."

THE colony at Rugby, in Tennessee, has begun the publication of a very neat monthly journal, called the *Rugbeian*. Its purpose is to disseminate information about the colony, as well as to offer a medium for such literary skill as the colony may develop. Its cheerful, healthy, intelligent tone is very encouraging, and it is significant of a civilizing spirit in a region which, for an American community, seems to be singularly destitute of the blessings of the newspaper; for we read in the *Rugbeian* that the *Morgan Despatch* declares that it is itself "the only paper published in the Sixteenth Judicial Circuit [of Tennessee], comprising the counties of Anderson, Campbell, Cumberland, Fentress, Morgan, Overton, and Scott." Now that the *Rugbeian* has appeared, the *Despatch* is the only weekly paper, and there is no daily.

THE IRISH FORCE BILL.

IN reading the accounts of the tumultuous cheering in the House of Commons which greeted the introduction of the Irish coercion bill, it is impossible not to remember that justice for Ireland has been always extorted from England by precisely such agitation as this bill is designed to suppress. It would seem that the British government is strong enough to have proposed its relief bill at the same time with its project of coercion. A government which intends to redress grievances acknowledges that they exist, and it can lose nothing by showing its just and humane purpose in the very moment of showing also its power to preserve order.

It is still true, however, that the Land League agitation was based upon the older traditions of English indifference and hostility to Ireland, instead of the recent more friendly and intelligent disposition. Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BRIGHT are known as sincere friends of Ireland. They could not be regarded by the most fanatical Irishmen as CASTLEREAGH and PEEL for different reasons were regarded, and therefore, under their administration, the fair and reasonable Irish policy was to present the case urgently in Parliament before beginning an agitation which in Ireland always becomes menacing and revolutionary. If the proposal had been scorned, as very probably it might have been, the agitation would have had greater moral justification than it can now plead. The rejection of the Disturbance Bill by the Lords can not be held to have been conclusive evidence of the hopelessness of Parliamentary relief, both because it passed the House of Commons and because it was spurned by the Home Leaguers themselves.

The feeling of Parliament and of England is plainly such that the force bills will be adopted, and remedial legislation will follow. We observe that in the state trials and in the general discussion of the Irish question frequent allusions are made to America. It is a great mistake, however, to suppose that there is any general interest in the question in this country. There is some remark in the newspapers, and to every student of history the situation is very interesting. There are occasional enthusiastic meetings of Irishmen, also, but that is all. None of the great Irish movements of the last half-century has attracted so little serious attention in this country as this of the Land League, and yet none was so likely to result in real advantage to Ireland.

HITTING THE NAIL ON THE HEAD.

THE objection to a reasonable reform of the civil service, that competitive examination is not a perfect method of ascertaining comparative fitness among applicants, was one of the earliest theories urged in England against the reform. It was conclusively answered there both by argument and by experience. But it has never been more tersely and completely refuted than by a few recent words in the New York *World*, which state the case precisely. The *World* truly says that the friends of reform hold only "that competitive examination furnishes a better test of fitness for office than fidelity to the political fortunes of a Boss, which is the test applied at present."

VOTING IN MASSACHUSETTS.

THE suffrage laws of Massachusetts were lately criticised in the House of Representatives, and Mr. LORING made a forcible and elaborate speech in refutation of the aspersions upon his State, and his colleague, Mr. WALBRIDGE FIELD, printed a brief and pointed reply, in which he stated precisely what the laws were. They will be satisfactory to all but those who hold that taxation and representation should go together, and therefore that sex should not disfranchise a tax-payer.

"The laws and Constitution of Massachusetts in regard to the right to vote are uniform and impartial. They deny the right to vote to no male inhabitant of the State, being twenty-one years of age and a citizen of the United States, for any causes that are not easily removable by such inhabitant. They abridge no right to vote which any man ever had in Massachusetts. They do require that a man shall register, that he shall take the trouble to go to the polls, that he shall have resided a reasonable time in the State and district in which he votes, that he shall not be a pauper or person under guardianship at the time of voting, that he shall have paid a State or county tax within two years, and if he has never had the right to vote under the Constitution, and has no physical incapacity, that he shall be able to read the Constitution in the English language, and to write his name.

"The number of persons who are excluded by reason of illiteracy and pauperism are so few as not to affect any apportionment. And the number of persons who do not vote because they do not choose, or because they have not taken pains to register, or because they have not resided a sufficient length of time in the State or district, or because they have not paid or had paid for them a tax, is a number that has no permanency, and varies with each election. Neither do I consider whether the general political policy of Massachusetts conduces to the welfare of her people. I think her history for two hundred and fifty or two hundred and sixty years has shown that her own people may be trusted to take care of that. Certainly it has never yet been the will or the wish of a majority of her voters that ignorance or imbecility should rule her."

A CONSCIENCE IN PENNSYLVANIA POLITICS.

THERE has been no more interesting incident in politics recently than the refusal of Mr. COXE, a Democratic Senator from Luzerne, in Pennsylvania, to take the oath of office, because he had spent money during the election for purposes not expressly authorized by law. Mr. COXE, when he was called upon to take the oath, asked leave to read an address to his constituents, in which he stated why his conscience compelled him to forfeit his seat.

He recapitulates the various purposes, legal and illegal, for which he gave money, yet he was very careful that none should be spent for any improper or fraudulent purpose. But he had paid certain committee assessments and tax receipts, and had furnished campaign clubs, and employed men at the polls, and "treated" them to oysters, and had done other things with money which are not authorized by law. During the campaign, when the question occurred to him, he would have withdrawn but that he was afraid of endangering the general result, and he did not see the way of duty clearly.

It was a simple, manly, evidently conscientious declaration, and he declined to keep his seat. The Pennsylvania Senate, bewildered in presence of a conscience in politics, of which it might have heard, but which it probably had never before seen in operation, listened in silence, placed the statement upon its minutes, and "no further action was taken."

PERSONAL.

THE London *Academy* pays the following tribute to THOMAS HARDY: "By George Eliot's death we are left with only one living novelist who is absolutely of the first class. THACKERAY died soon after George Eliot became famous, and DICKENS when she had yet much of her best work to do. During all the years in which she labored it is perhaps true that only one novelist of extraordinary genius had arisen. It is perhaps true that the position filled at one and the same time by DICKENS, THACKERAY, and George Eliot can be claimed at the present moment, if claimed at all, only by a single novelist—by THOMAS HARDY." Those of our readers who are perusing Mr. HARDY'S new novel, "A Laodicean," in the pages of HARPER'S MONTHLY, will readily admit the justice of this high praise.

—Mr. GEORGE I. SENEY, president of the Metropolitan National Bank, of this city, has just given $20,000 to the Industrial Home for Destitute Children, Brooklyn, and $50,000 to the library fund of the Long Island Historical Society. He had previously given to the latter $12,000. Last year he gave over $100,000 to Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Connecticut.

—Portraiture pays in Paris. MADRAZZO, an artist famous in that line, is painting GAMBETTA for the next annual Salon, and is to receive for it $6000. He has recently painted COQUELIN in his famous character of Don Cæsar de Bazan.

—The Paris *Figaro* of December 27, speaking of the defeat of SLOSSON by VIGNAUX, alludes to the curious custom of Americans of betting hats instead of money, and mentions the fact that Mr. W. PEMBROKE FETRIDGE, a gentleman as well known in New York and Boston as in Paris, won so many hats on the famous billiard match that a large memorandum-book was required in which to register the number. Indeed, his winnings, says *Figaro*, were so numerous that he could easily cover the heads of the gentlemen promenading in the Avenue de l'Impératrice, and a good part of those in the Champs Elysées. In America the idea of a new hat store might have been entertained.

—The *Publishers' Circular*, alluding to the English edition, says "HARPER'S MAGAZINE, in reaching across the Atlantic, seems to recall the once well-known cover of *The Virginians*, whereon was seen the fraternal hand-shaking of two men who had been once rivals and enemies, typical of renewed cordiality between England and the United States. And the cover of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, on which are depicted the cities of New York and London, united in a visible bond, brings to mind the *Tale of Two Cities*, at least in name; while HARPER'S MAGAZINE itself is eminently a tale, for we believe that tale really means a budget of work."

—On the morning after the arrival at Washington of WILLIAM B. WOODS, the new Justice of the United States Supreme Court, he found his way leisurely toward the court-room, and was introduced to the Justices as they strolled in one at a time. He looks fifteen years younger than any of them. Upon the assembling of the court he was sworn in, and took his seat upon the extreme left of the Chief Justice. Within twenty-four hours of the time he was rattling over a Virginia railroad, on his way to Washington, he was listening to an argument, and plunged promptly into duty like an old hand.

—"H. H.'s" (Mrs. JACKSON'S) *Century of Dishonor*, just published by HARPER & BROTHERS, meets prompt and generous approval for its scathing account of the methods adopted by our government in wresting from the Indians their lands. Indeed, when a new treaty with any Indian tribe is proposed, the public understand at once that it is simply, in plain terms, to steal their lands, and drive them from their homes. The preface to the volume, by Bishop WHIPPLE, of Minnesota, is not only very interesting, but is entitled to the highest consideration from his long and thorough familiarity with the Indian tribes.

—General DI CESNOLA, chief of the Metropolitan Museum in Central Park, received as a Christmas gift from the King of Italy the order of Commander of the Crown of Italy, conferred upon him on the recommendation of the President of the Cabinet and the Minister of Foreign Affairs. This order answers to that of the French Legion of Honor. He thus continues to be recognized as an Italian nobleman and a subject of Italy, while in reality he has been a naturalized American citizen for more than sixteen years. Before leaving his native country he obtained a royal decree from VICTOR EMANUEL permitting him to visit the United States, and to accept rank and position, without loss of nationality, thus enabling him at any time to resume his rights as an Italian subject and nobleman.

—Mr. EUGENE LAWRENCE'S instructive and delightful *Primer of American Literature* is to be printed in raised letters by the Kentucky Institution for the Education of the Blind.

—The sale of the pictures contributed to the Artists' Fund Society will take place at Association Hall, in this city, on Saturday, February 5. During the week previous they will be on free exhibition at the National Academy of Design.

—The Rev. Mr. TIBBITS, now in his seventy-seventh year, has resided in Coldwater, Michigan, since 1831, and in July of that year preached the first sermon—in his own house—ever preached there. His life has been a curious one. He says: "I never swore an oath, or took a chew of tobacco, or smoked a whole cigar. I never bought or sold a drink of whiskey or brandy for myself. I never owned or carried a pistol. I never owned a kite, or played a game of marbles. In a travel of over one hundred thousand miles by public conveyances I never met with an accident, or was a moment too late when it depended upon my own exertion. I never sang a song, or played a game of checkers, billiards, or croquet, or any game of cards. I never skated a rod, or struck a man a blow with my fist." (What a lot of fun the old gentleman must have missed!) Then, again, he has done some good things; for, saith he, "I can repeat more of the Bible than any man living of whom I have any knowledge. I have given instruction to more than two hundred thousand pupils. I am the only one alive of the persons who composed the first church in this city and county. I have given away more real estate to this city [Coldwater] than all its other inhabitants. I preached for fifteen years, and travelled more than five hundred miles attending funerals; and all the salary I ever received was a pound of tea, worth seventy-five cents."—A very good record; but they really should have given our brother more tea, and of higher grade. The seventy-five cent kind is what they call "boarding-house tea, because it takes such illigant hold of the second water."

—Judge HAWLEY, of Nevada, is a solemn judge. Thus, a few days ago, when swearing in Miss KITTRELL, a new clerk of the Nevada Legislature, he adjured her to support the Constitution and the laws, not to bear arms against her country, and to pay no attention to the laws of other States conflicting with those of Nevada. He assured her that she was not eligible as a servant of the State if she had, since the adoption of the Constitution, fought a duel, acted as a second at a duel, or carried a challenge to fight a duel. The young lady gave a little nod at the end of each sentence, as much as to say, "Don't you worry, old man; I'm all right."

—The largest tax-payer in Boston is Mr. JOSHUA M. SEARS, a young gentleman who graduated two years ago from Yale College. His tax is $47,000.

—The late District Attorney PHELPS had a policy for $25,000 on his life in the United States Life-insurance Company. As soon as an administrator of Mr. PHELPS'S estate was appointed, notice of death was given and proofs of loss filed, and within forty-eight hours thereafter the company gave their check for the full amount, waiving the customary sixty days' grace. The same company had a policy on the life of the late Dr. E. H. CHAPIN for $5000 (the only policy he had), which with dividends added amounted to $6369. This amount was promptly paid to his widow, without discount.

—The London *Athenæum* ranks George Eliot as a novelist second only to Sir WALTER SCOTT—richer than FIELDING, deeper than Miss AUSTEN, stronger than Miss BRONTË, and less artificial than RICHARDSON.

—The London *Saturday Review* pronounces BAYARD TAYLOR'S translation of "Faust" the best of all yet published, and the best translation in verse in the English language.

—The GRANDINS were "wheatier" than ever last year. On their Dakota farm of 5921 acres they produced last year, of first-rate wheat, 137,287 bushels, or twenty-three and one-sixth bushels to the acre. As to the profits, the GRANDINS claim that 37,000 bushels of this crop will pay all costs of cultivation, harvesting, and marketing, leaving 100,000 bushels to represent the net profit. This, at the present market rate in that region—seventy-five to eighty cents a bushel—gives a profit of at least $75,000. This year they propose to put 8000 acres into wheat. Besides the main crop, wheat, the GRANDINS last year raised 18,725 bushels of oats, and 3520 bushels of barley. They have also in progress a large farm for raising live stock.

—The St. James *Gazette* relates an interesting anecdote of Lord BEACONSFIELD when quite a young man. Lord LYTTON (then EDWARD BULWER) entertained at dinner four gentlemen, who afterward became distinguished, viz., MONCKTON MILNES (Lord HOUGHTON), ALEXANDER COCKBURN (Lord Chief Justice, just deceased), DISRAELI (Lord BEACONSFIELD), and HENRY BULWER (Lord DALLING). None was then personally acquainted with DISRAELI, who came late; and a strange appearance he made. "He was then," says the writer, "a far more athletic figure than you imagine him, perhaps; appareled in a daring coat of bright color, a yellow waistcoat, green velvet trousers, and low shoes with silver buckles. The impression he made was not favorable; and I for one, and I am sure —— and —— also, instantly prepared to find that my brother EDWARD had vastly overpraised his man. So we sat down to dinner, and every man talked his best, and there was such a bright rattle of conversation as you may suppose. We were all in good cue, all emulous, and all well satisfied with ourselves, depend on it. There was not one among us who had not plenty of confidence in himself at all times, and more than a hope of future greatness; and yet if when we separated we had each been taken aside and put upon our honor to say who was the cleverest man in the party, every one of us would have answered, 'The man in the green velvet trousers.'"

A DIPLOMATIC (CHINESE) DESIGN PRESENTED TO U. S.

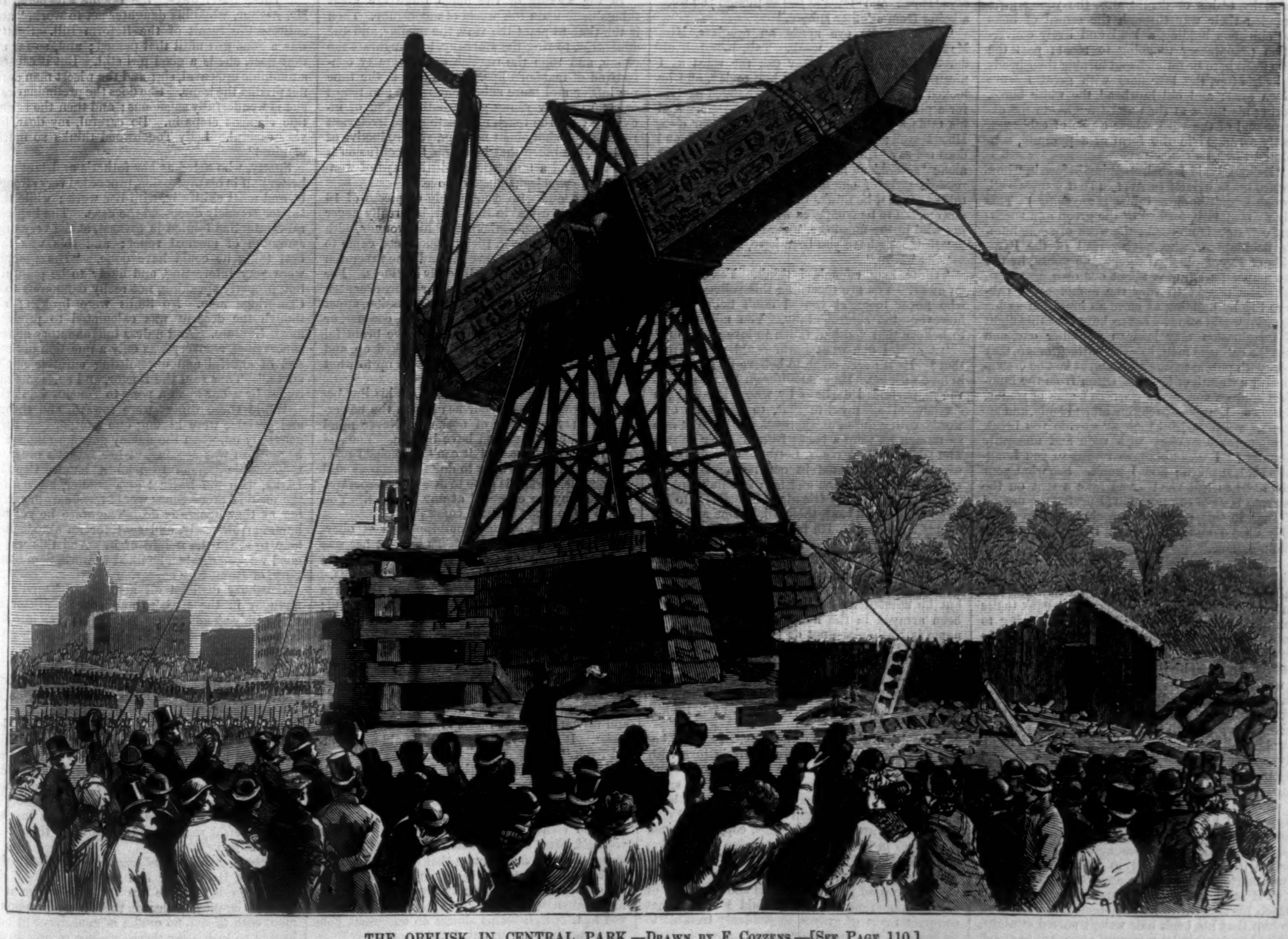
SKETCHED AT A PRIVATE VIEW IN WASHINGTON.

EUGÈNE JOSEPH VERBOECKHOVEN.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HECTOR DE SAEDELER.

EDWARD A. SOTHERN.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.—[SEE PAGE 107.]

VERBOECKHOVEN.

EUGÈNE JOSEPH VERBOECKHOVEN, the eminent Belgian artist, known in this country chiefly as a painter of sheep, died at Brussels on the 22d of January, in the eighty-second year of his age. He was born at Warneton, in Western Flanders, in June, 1799. At an early age he learned to draw, without the aid of a master, and chose animal painting as a profession. Among his earlier works are "Sheep Surprised by a Storm," "A Train of Horses Attacked by Wolves," "Animals on the Prairie," "Empsaël, Arab Stallion," which were exhibited at Brussels in 1824, and at Paris in 1841. At the Exposition of 1855, in the latter city, he had a "Shepherdess" and "Ewes and Lambs, or the Good Mother." To the Salon of 1857 he sent two souvenirs of Scotland, and to that of 1861, "Sheep, Cocks, and Hens." At the Universal Exposition of 1878 he had, in the Belgian Exhibit, "Interior of a Flemish Stable," "Scotch Ponies," "Flemish Shepherdess," "Sheep at Pasture," "Sheep Stable," and "Sheep on the Dunes of Ostend." Among his most celebrated landscapes are a "Roman Campagna" and a "Vue du Mont-d'Or." Of his notable portraits are those of HORACE VERNET and SULEIMAN Pasha. Like GÉRÔME, he tried his



THE OBELISK IN CENTRAL PARK.—DRAWN BY F. COZZENS.—[SEE PAGE 110.]

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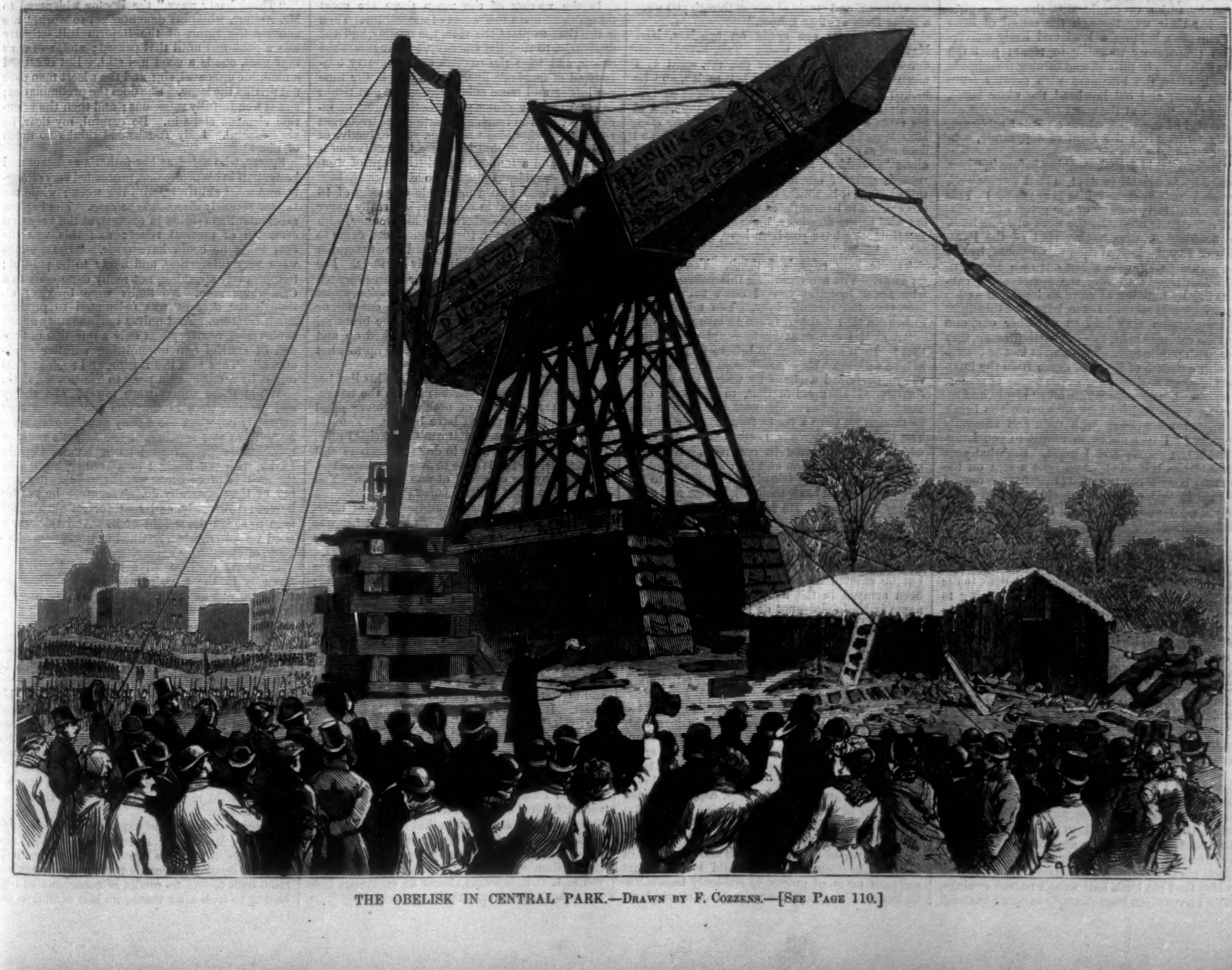


THE OBELISK IN CENTRAL PARK.—DRAWN BY F. COZZENS.—[SEE PAGE 110.]

hand at sculpture, and a plaster statue, "Meditation," is said to have some merit.

Many of his works found their way to this country, and were in general highly esteemed, although of late his reputation has suffered a decline. He was minute and almost microscopic in his manner of treatment; and it has been said that his sheep had the appearance of having been shampooed for a sitting. Within a few years his pictures have brought good prices in this city. At the sale of the JOHN TAYLOR JOHNSTON collection, December 19, 1876, "Flemish Landscape and Cattle," $875. NEWCOMB collection, December 21, 1877, "Sheep," $1025. LATHAM sale, March 28, 1878, "Sheep and Chickens in Stable," $375; "A Frightened Bull," $1500; "A Shepherd's Lesson to his Dog," $600; and "Sheep and Twin Lambs—Scotch Highlands," $3400. CARVER sale, December 11, 1879, "Sheep and Lambs," $975; and "The Restless Bull," $1500. HARPER sale, March 13, 1880, "Southdown Sheep," $1800. MAYNARD sale, December 10, 1880, "Sheep and Lambs," $975; and finally at the recent STEWART BROWN sale, a "Head of a Cow," $1660.

Some of VERBOECKHOVEN's crayon drawings and studies exhibit more freedom and breadth of handling than his paintings. A series of his etchings, issued in 1839, is now very rare, and highly prized by collectors. Many of them are owned by Mr. S. P. AVERY, of this city. In the same year VERBOECKHOVEN also issued a series of *Études de Paysages*, and in 1842 some *Études d'Animaux*.

A PYRAMID OF CABBAGES.

"WHY, where are you going, Isabel Eastman? Not into the farm-yard, surely?"

"Yes, Miss Lottie Mayell, I am going into the farm-yard, surely," replied Isabel, with a mischievous light in her big gray eyes, and a charming smile on her prettily curved lips, as she opened the gate leading to that place. "Nowhere else can we be confidential without running the risk of being overheard. The farmer's family are in the orchard; Charley and a half-dozen of his playmates are playing in the flower garden; there's a young couple in the parlor at the piano, he making love, and she *not* making music, and a still younger couple whispering and giggling in the bay-window; auntie is in my room enjoying *Splendid Misery;* and grandma is in auntie's room darning stockings. And so, if you really want to hear 'right away' why I am here instead of at one of my usual summer haunts, you must e'en follow me to the farm-yard. Besides which"—speaking with increased animation—"I have lately, strange as it may seem to you, developed quite a passion for farm-yards."

"It doesn't seem at all strange to me, my dear, for during our ten years' friendship you've always been developing some odd passion or other. But I've never lost faith in you. Lead on; I'll follow."

And stepping daintily and gracefully, unimpeded by trains or demi-trains, the young girls threaded their way through the crowd of hens and chickens holding a loud and lively conversation preparatory to going to roost; past the cows waiting to be milked, and turning their heads to look after the intruders with great solemn brown eyes; and old Lowhead, the white horse, slaking his thirst at the water-trough—to the extreme end of the yard, where a pile of cabbages, neatly arranged in the form of a pyramid, confronted them.

"Behold," said Isabel, stopping before it, "how Nature lends herself to Art! (That sounds well, though I don't know as it means anything.) This mighty structure, formed of the green and succulent cabbage, is no doubt the work of some humble field-laborer, who, having read of the Pyramids of Egypt—incited thereto, no doubt, by the newspaper paragraphs about our own dear Obelisk—has sought to vary the monotony of cabbage life by building as close an imitation as his material would allow. Let us hope that this flight of imagination may lead to a higher one, and that the cabbage man, like the butter woman, may meet with public recognition, and at last be crowned with a wreath of laurel. Often from the humblest sources spring the greatest works of genius. Burns— Lottie"—breaking off suddenly, and assuming a reproachful tone—"why do you break in upon my eloquence with rude and unseemly laughter? I was about to repeat to you Longfellow's last poem; now I won't. See what your frivolity has lost you! And take a seat on the extreme base of the pyramid (I prefer the mound of sods in this secluded corner, sacred to somebody's rake and hoe), while I go back to the commonplace."

"Thank you, Bell dear, I'll share the sods with you, if you please. I have an idea that a cabbage would prove a very uncomfortable seat under any circumstances. And *do* go back to the commonplace, that's a darling, for I'm dying to know what has happened since we parted an age ago."

"An age ago! One year and a half exactly. I was then engaged to Claude Venner. Pretty name, isn't it? And he was a pretty little fellow, with nice curly hair, and lovely blue eyes, with lashes long enough for a bang, small dimpled hands, and not an idea in his little round head. My mother—with all due deference I say it—and his mother—to whom I accord much less deference—made the match when I was eighteen, and I unmade it at twenty. I never loved Claude. How could I? And he never loved me. How could he? We were the victims of circumstances and match-making mammas, and two mortals more unlike it would be hard to find. He was the most conventional of men, and would have nearly died if at one of those dreary dinner parties in which his soul delighted somebody had whispered to him that his back hair wasn't parted straight, while I have often been strongly tempted to shock the full-dressed guests, at the very start, by asking for more soup.

"Well, last June, at Newport, my diminutive friend Eda Smythe, with a head the exact counterpart of Claude's, appeared upon the scene, and she and my betrothed fell in love with each other at first sight. Mamma fretted and fumed and scolded, and asked me, with tragic emphasis, how I could look calmly on and see so many thousands of dollars being lost to the family, for she was sure that artful minx would persuade poor dear Claude to elope or something; but I continued to look calmly on, until one evening Claude, with a deep sigh, kissed Eda's hand as he bade her 'Good-night,' when I turned suddenly upon them, and bade them follow me to my room. There I forgave—quite in the manner of a stage parent—the infatuated midgets their base duplicity, gave them my blessing, kissed them both; and as soon as they, beaming with joy, had departed, I, also beaming with joy, and not quite in the manner of a stage parent, except perhaps a *Pinafore* one, executed a pirouette—a mad, revolving pirouette—in honor of my newly acquired freedom. Mamma was awfully angry, but they're awfully happy, and they've named the baby after me. My chains (they were never very heavy, I must confess) broken beyond repair, I flirted more than ever, all the time growing as weary as could be of hearing the same compliments and making the same replies, and doing this thing in the morning, and that in the afternoon, and the other in the evening, and at last I fled from the old familiar throng precipitantly one rainy day, leaving my maid to pack my wardrobe and follow. And I determined that this summer I would try pastures entirely new. Auntie had often told me of the pleasant, old-fashioned farm-house which she discovered years ago, and I coaxed mamma—promising to take Charley, our youngest, who is the 'worrit' of her life, with me—to let me spend three of my four out-of-the-city months here. And, Lottie, I have never been as happy before, and I am firmly convinced that here I have found the kind of life that would suit me best. I was born to love cows and chickens, to make butter, to build pyramids of cabbages."

"You!" laughed her friend. "I think I see you in the dairy, in neat cambric dress, with sleeves rolled to the elbows, stamping the pats of butter with your monogram—for that's as near as you'd ever come to churning; and in the hennery, scattering corn to the chickens from a dainty white apron, a curiously shaped rustic hat meanwhile shading your rose-and-cream complexion from the sun. *You* born to love cows and chickens!—*you* who have reigned a city belle for four long years!"

"And for three been most ready to abdicate. By-the-bye"—with assumed carelessness—"have you seen the young farmer, the only child of our host and hostess?"

"Certainly not;" and Miss Mayell glances at her watch. "I only arrived two hours ago, and have seen no one but you and your aunt. But I can see him in 'my mind's eye'—tall, ungainly, and speaks through his nose; eats with his knife; says 'How?' and stares at *you* as though you were a being from another sphere."

"Your mind's eye needs an eyeglass, Miss Mayell. Its vision is weak. Tall, broad-shouldered, and gainly, if I may use the word as I mean it. I saw him tossing hay to-day, and he looked like an Apollo who had exchanged his lyre for a pitchfork, and profited by the change. And his table manners are as exquisite as your own, Miss Mayell; and he has a deep, full voice, and does *not* say 'How?' and has scarcely looked, let alone 'stared,' at me. I have an idea that he regards girls of our ilk with a quiet scorn, and thinks of us, if he thinks of us at all, as hot-house flowers, not to be compared with the daisies growing wild in the meadows."

"How long have you been here, Isabel?"

"Six weeks."

"Quite long enough, I think. You'd better go away. You are regarding this young farmer, who never looks at you—I don't believe that, however—too sentimentally. You might come to believe that you had fallen in love with him."

"And if I did, what harm could result from that? He'll never come to believe he has fallen in love with me. He is so different from the soft-voiced, perfumed darlings by whom I have been surrounded all my life that, to use your own words, with a different application, *I* stare at *him* as though he were a being from another sphere. The young farmer reads, Lottie, and reads books which, though printed in our native language, would be Greek to you and me; and he numbers the poets among his friends. I peeped into his room one day, and saw them all, in blue and gold, on his book-shelf. He is an honest, manly fellow, with no false pride about him. I was idiot enough to fancy that he might be the least bit confused when I first saw him at work in his red shirt, and coarse very broad brimmed straw hat, but he saluted me as calmly as though he had been arrayed in the finest garments. And his name is Nathaniel—not as pretty as Claude, but it means 'the gift of God.' The gift of God, indeed, his old mother says he has been to her, and so will he be to the woman he marries. And that woman must be a bee, not a butterfly. Lottie"—with sudden fierceness—"if ever you tell, I'll kill you."

"My dear, when I do, you may. Isabel, I begin to suspect that you are really in love with Nathaniel—another of your odd passions—and that beneath your butterfly wings lurks the spirit of the bee. And I may live to see you helping the pitchfork Apollo toss the hay, build obelisks and pyramids of cabbages, copy celebrated sculptures in beets, and heap turnips in imitation of classic old ruins."

"I fear me not, Miss Mayell. For though I would be proud to share in each and every one of those occupations, as soon would I expect that compact mass of greens to suddenly tremble to its base and then topple over, separating one huge body into a hundred or more heads, as dream that Nathaniel Leigh would ever care for me."

The pyramid trembled to its base, and its apex tumbled to the ground. The girls rose quickly from their throne of sods, and with little shrieks fled to a safe distance, then turned to look again. It toppled over, its many heads rolling in every direction, and in the place it had occupied stood the young farmer.

"I bless your brother for building a pyramid to-day, Miss Eastman," he said, "though he did unload one of the market wagons all ready for market for the purpose. And I bless the happy chance that kept me from the orchard, and sent me here to fall asleep behind it, to waken at the sound of your voice. Spell-bound I remained concealed, half believing that I was still dreaming, to prove the falsity of the old proverb, 'Listeners never hear any good of themselves.' But can I—dare I hope that grains of earnest mingled with your jest, and that the pats of butter in our dairy may some day be stamped with our monogram? Stand my friend, Miss Mayell, and *you* shall not be forgotten when we make the beet statues and the turnip ruins."

"Well, 'pon my word!" exclaimed Miss Mayell, with a frank glance of admiration at the handsome young fellow, and a smile that threatened to become a laugh in another moment.

And "Of all things!" said Miss Eastman, a lovely blush mantling her face; and then youth and fun conquered all three, and they laughed until the farm-yard resounded, and Lion, the watch-dog, came bounding toward them, asking with loud bow-wows what was the matter.

A few weeks after Miss Isabel Eastman became Mrs. Nathaniel Leigh, her husband, lying at her feet in the orchard, and looking up into her face with adoring eyes, said: "I never would have gained courage to have told you of my love, though I loved you from the very first, had I not heard from your own sweet lips that you cared a little for me. What good spirit, my blessed, sent you of all places to the farm-yard that afternoon?"

"It was an imp sent me there," she answered, demurely. "Mother's youngest, who whispered to me, as I left the house with Lottie, 'There's something awful jolly 'way back in the farm-yard—a pyramid of cabbages—and Nat Leigh's fast asleep behind it.'"

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1251, Vol. XXIV.]

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE,

AUTHOR OF "MARY ANERLEY," "LORNA DOONE," "CRIPPS, THE CARRIER," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

ANGELIC PEEPS.

IN the waxing of the moon there are great things done upon this world of moonshine. Then is the time to plant the vine, the medlar, and the apple-tree, to ring the store-pig, to inaugurate the capon, and rope the roguish onion—crafty contraband of maiden's lips. Then also is the time for loftier and more subtle enterprise; to tempt or steal the shy young glance—the flutter of inquiring eyes, the touch clandestine, the irrelevant remark, the sigh about nothing, yet productive of a blush, the blush that increases the confusion it betrays—and a million other little ways of wonder in the wondrous maze of love.

Even so, and with a multitude of pieces of 16 oz. glass—so called in the trade, but really never more than 14 oz.—sticking in his wounds, with the putty still upon it, Dicky Touchwood came to himself; and lost it, ere ever he had time to scratch it—which is the first of all bodily instincts. For over him leaned the very loveliest creature ever seen out of a dream, or in it. Deep compassion, sweet anxiety, and an inborn dread of the coroner, or the doctor who precedes him, filled the beautiful eyes of Rose Arthur. The youth looked up, and had a very clear idea of having flown up to what our poets call "the blue."

"Hush!" the maiden whispered, as his lips began to move; "keep your head upon the flower-pot, and try to think of nothing. Never mind about all the things you have broken. You did not mean to do it, and it can't be helped now. The only thing you have to do is to keep as still as possible. Papa is gone to meet Dr. Perperaps, and he may be expected at any moment. You are to go to sleep until he comes."

The heavily wounded youth, instead of obeying orders, gazed the more. To look at her was poetry, and to listen to her was music. But she turned away, and left him nothing for his eyes.

"It must have been an angel. But they have no papas," he began to reason with himself aloud; "and they never would have sent for Dr. Perperaps. None but the devil could have sent for him. Oh, where can I be? What is the meaning of it? And what is this mysterious substance all around me?"

"Brewers' grains," the silvery voice replied; "we have it every spring to catch the slugs with, and my father put it down to keep you cool and moist. It smells very nice; you should be thankful for it."

"So I am. Oh, I am thankful now to be able to smell any beer at all. But I seem to be full of holes, and sore places, and pieces of stuff sticking into me!"

"You could hardly expect to have no holes yourself, after making such a great hole in our glass; but you must not let that dwell at all upon your mind. My father is a gentleman who does his own glazing. And really if you must fall, you have fallen very luckily. Although, when first you look at it, it seems almost an enormous hole for a smallish boy to have made so quickly."

Richard Touchwood, Esquire, jumped up, when he heard himself called "a smallish boy." Or rather he tried to jump up, but his swathings stopped him, and then a very jagged barb of pain; and then a light hand replanted him among the grains, and upon the pot.

"You are too bad," she said; "you want to go everywhere where you have no business. But oh, I am so sorry for your pain, poor boy! If you would only cry a little, it would do you so much good."

"Cry!" exclaimed Dicky, in a high tone of disdain, yet not wholly out of concert with the course suggested; "have you never even heard that I am a Caius College man, the place where the very best physicians come from?"

"No, I never heard of that. I have heard of lock hospitals, and the wards that belong to them, but never of keys colleges. Since you are in training for the medical profession, you ought to try more than you do to enter into your own position. It is a strict necessity for you to lie still; but instead of doing that— Oh, here comes Dr. Perperaps, crossing our bridge very nicely indeed! And he has brought his daughter Spotty with him. He never goes anywhere without Miss Spotty. Now you will be in better hands than mine. Good-by."

"Oh, I implore you not to go away. Whoever you are—and I have hardly seen you yet, although I have told you all about myself—do try to see that Dr. Perperaps doesn't kill me."

"Oh no! He is the most kind-hearted man, and exceedingly clever for a doctor. And when he does happen to make a mistake, his daughter puts it right for him. They are very nice people, and so natural!"

"Don't I know him too well? He pulled out my wrong tooth; and how could his daughter put it in again? I had a bad knee, and he blistered the other to produce counter-irritation. And once, when a piece of camp-stool ran into me— Oh, I had better hold my tongue! I know his footstep. I'll be dead—to save him trouble."

"Ah, ha! What have we here? Very sad indeed. Most serious case. Our valued young friend—let us turn him over. A spirited youth—too spirited, in fact. Our great universities produce a state of coma. They overtax corporeal, and relax the mental energies. The result of such a system is before us now."

Dr. Perperaps, as he came to this conclusion, turned to his daughter, who was standing in the doorway; and she said, "Yes; but he has tumbled through the glass."

"That is a minor but a logical result of the vicious system I describe. The physical powers have been overdone. The judgment was dormant—or he would not have tried the leap. Now both pay the penalty of disproportion. He does not know me, the truest friend he ever had. It is a beautiful instance of our interdependence."

"Here are the bandages," his daughter said, concisely; "and here is cold water. We may be glad, Miss Arthur, of a little warm, if convenient."

"These hasty ways," the Doctor whispered to Mr. Arthur, while his daughter set to work, "are entirely the result of the Reform Bill. Spotty was a good girl until that passed; and, so far as that goes, she is a good girl still. But it caused a feminine upheaval, sir; and the wisest man dare not predict the issue. She does the preliminaries; she is wonderfully sagacious; and then the scientific element steps in. Be careful, my dear, be very careful. Lady Touchwood thinks so much of him!"

Spotty, who acted as her father's assistant and better half in his profession, proceeded very strongly, and most skillfully, with her work; while the Doctor serenely discussed the case. The hapless rat-hunter had fainted in earnest, at the very first symptom of medical relief; and this was the best thing he could have done. "His wounds were very interesting, and likely to be painful; but, properly speaking, not really dangerous to a Cambridge man. No limbs were broken; although the descent was calculated to produce much fracture. And unless inflammatory action supervened, recovery was only a question of time and of skillful and unremitting curative appliances." Thus said the Doctor, and such was his report by a boy upon a pony to Touchwood Park.

While these things were toward, and theory and practice were kissing one another—as they generally do, when the money goes into the same bag—Rose was seeking, at her father's order, a redoubtable person to lend a hand. Captain Larks, with the instinct of a soldier, knew that the medical proceedings would terminate in carrying, as they generally do. Therefore he got his hand-barrow ready, and sent for an able-bodied man to share the weight of it. And this was a good workman, when he liked to work, Sam Slowbury, of Brent-fuzz corner.

Slowbury disliked all activity, as heartily as anybody in the parish; and could shirk it as thoroughly as any man. He entered well into the humor of the contract, in virtue of which a man gets as much money on a Saturday night for doing nothing as for working hard throughout the week, and husbands at once his own resources and prospective value by prolonging his job to the uttermost penny.

Such was the integrity of this man, and his principles so uncompromising, so thoroughly did he respect himself and dignify his vocation, that whether he were out of sight or whether he were strictly watched, his behavior was the same. In neither case would he do a stroke of work—except as the exception. This conduct insured him universal regard, and more work than even he could leave undone.

After large and sweet experience of the British workman, Mr. Arthur had come to the definite conclusion that these are the men whom it is wisest to employ. Because there is no disappointment with them; no qualm of conscience at neglecting to look after them; no loss of time in ab-

surd endeavors to make them do a little work now and then. There are few greater pleasures than to contemplate repose—especially when honorably purchased by one's self; and any employer of Sam Slowbury might always enjoy that pleasure in perfection. But Sam to-day was comparatively at work, having made up his mind to a holiday, and to spend it in the perilous pursuit of the rat. The catastrophe of that great expedition left his mind in a gentle head-scratching condition, candidly open to a pint of cider; and here he stood now at one end of the bier.

"Steady!" said the Captain—a needless exhortation to a man of Sam's philosophy; then lifting his end of the barrow upon which the casual visitor had been laid, he led them down the bloom-roofed alleys to his cheerful cottage door. For the greenhouse, under the cliff, was nearly two hundred yards from his dwelling-place.

"Pardon me, sir, if I speak amiss," said Dr. Perperaps, when they stopped here; "but may I ask you a somewhat important question, round the corner? Spotty, attend to the patient. Now, sir, it is this," he continued, in a low tone, as soon as Mr. Arthur followed him: "We have reason to believe that you value very highly, as every good Englishman has a right to do, your position here, your privacy, your retirement—I might say your charming seclusion from the world. Now this boy's mother, Lady Touchwood, is—ah, well—you understand me."

"I have merely heard her name; I know nothing more about her. What is she for me to be afraid of?"

"Not at all, my dear sir; you misunderstand me. Her ladyship is a delightful person, until—until her feelings overpower her. Charitable, kind-hearted, hospitable, devout, elegant in her manners, and fond of making presents—a very fine quality, growing rarer every year—still, she does want to get to the bottom of everything; doubtless from intensity of sympathy. And if anybody baffles her, she becomes the very devil. Pardon me, Captain Larks—I speak in strictest confidence; but I have reason to believe that her ladyship's attention has been directed, with some interest, to you. If once she gets admission to your little household (which you can not well deny her, if you take in her son), as soon as her alarm about him is over, she will begin to feel an undesirable interest in everything concerning you."

"Dr. Perperaps," answered Mr. Arthur, "it is most obliging of you to show such consideration for my wishes."

The Doctor, a short, well-rounded man, came one step nearer, and behind the silver head of the black bamboo which he always carried, relaxed his dignity with a wink.

"It is not altogether that," he said; "I consider my own convenience also. I am not so young as I was, and I don't want to walk up your hill twice a day. And distance is a professional element. Touchwood Park is three times as far off, and a carriage would be sent for me. The patient may very well be taken, as he is, to my little residence, and go home upon springs in a day or two. His affectionate mother would send for me twice every day; and with prophylactic as well as remedial measures—"

"I am much obliged to you; but it will not do. The boy has been wounded on my premises, and with me he shall stay until his relatives remove him. I should feel that I had done an inhuman thing if I sent him from my door in his present condition. Say no more about it, sir, but come in and help us."

The Doctor gave in, as he could not help doing, but said to himself that he should have his revenge, for he knew a little more of Lady Touchwood than Captain Larks could dream of. And he saw a good chance of some pleasant excitement, and matters of deep interest to be told to his good wife, when Spotty and the little ones were gone to bed, and the toddy was being measured in the Apostle's spoon. Like nearly all medical men in country places, he had a hard time of it, being at everybody's beck and call, and called for almost everything except to take his money.

And so when evening came down upon the hills, and the hills tried to pass it off in shadow to the valleys, there was no more comfortable fellow to be found within the inclosure of their deepening folds than little Dicky Touchwood at Larks's cot. By the strong arms of Spotty and the nimble hands of Rose a bed was provided for him in the Captain's sitting-room—a pretty little place, with a door opening into the span-roof vinery. Here lay the youth upon the best bed of the cottage, with three bottles of mixture, tied over at the top with white, like Sisters of Mercy, and a basin of soup keeping warm upon one of Mr. Arthur's devices for slaying green-fly; and, best of all cordials—in his present state of heart—bright glimpses of the lovely Rose, that flitted to and fro.

He would have known better than to let his mind wander about pretty figures, and after sweet faces, and into and out of a thousand vagaries of smile and of sigh and of tremulous delight, if the glass of the greenhouse had begun to hurt him yet, or the putty to torment him, as they meant to do to-morrow. For the present he was grateful for every single hole made in him (so long as lard and liniment prevented it from smarting) as a trifle of punctuation needful before the great impression of his life was struck.

"Now, Master Touchwood, how often must I tell you," said Spotty, who was left to help as nurse, "that you are not to roll like that? It loosens all the fastenings, and it will set up inflammation."

"I don't care two skips of a—flower if it does. I must see my angel; and I can't see through the bed-post."

"I tell you, once more, there is no angel here. The old women call me a ministering angel when the parish allows them a noggin of gin. But I know well enough that I am not angelic."

"As if I meant you!" the patient answered, with more sincerity than courtesy. "You are very kind indeed, and you rub up the rags like silver paper, and you make them soft. But the other—oh, Miss Perperaps, what a perfect, perfect Angel!"

"It is time for you to have this draught. Your tongue is white. That comes of talking about Angels so. To make a face is useless. You must have it. I dare say it is nasty. Shall the Angel come and give it you?"

"Oh no! Please not to let her see me take it. I always make such horrid faces. And I want her to think how nice I am. If I could only get it down while she is round the corner."

"Wait till I shake the bottom up. The best of the flavor is always there. Now take it, like a man, and I will let her know how brave you were."

"But, Spotty—or at least I mean, Miss Perperaps—do you think it will really make any difference with her? Are you sure that she will have a high opinion of me—if—if I do it?"

"I am certain that she will. She sighed, and she said 'Poor fellow!' twice over, when she saw the bottles come. If you wish to be a hero, put your head the proper way, and open your mouth, and shut both eyes."

So absorbing was the power of love at first sight, that Dicky took his medicine like a martyr, and even pretended that he found it nice. "Here is your reward! I will tell her of your goodness—how pleased she will be!" exclaimed his nurse; "because she knows so well what a job it is to make you. She will hardly believe her own ears."

"I don't understand you. How can she know about it, when she never sat eyes on me before to-day?"

"I don't mean the Angel," answered Spotty, with a laugh; "or at least I mean your proper one—your dear mamma. Here comes Lady Touchwood."

"Oh, bother!" cried the young squire. "Don't let her in. Say that you've got orders—say that it will kill me—say anything you like—say they're laying me out."

"Oh, Master Dicky, you ungrateful wretch! If I only had a mother, to make a fuss about me! Would I ever shut her out, that I might carry on with angels?"

Poor Spotty was the daughter of a departed Mrs. Perperaps, and her step-mother (having many interesting babes of far greater value than Sporetta) employed that young lady, for the best part of her time, in the genial occupations of the nursery and wash-house. This damsel, being gifted with a great love of the healing art, was now beginning to revolt at large from the drudgery of pail and pan; and her father, who was not a fool (although he used the jargon of that race), perceived in this daughter a revival of the fine enthusiasm which had pulled him down. In the fervor of youth he had nourished gay ideas of making great discoveries, and doing lots of good; and happily he did no harm, except unto himself. Among his lucid theories was a grand one about spores, as the protoplasm, or proto-phantasm of all sporadic existence. And his child appearing on the same day as his book, in spite of her mother, he would have her name "Sporetta." Her name lasted longer than the book, because it appealed to a larger audience, and nobody could make out what it meant. But soon even this sweet association vanished, for Sporetta took the chicken-pox before her skin was hardened, and no hundred-headed Stentor, with a high-pressure boiler, and three steam-whistles in his every mouth, nay, nor even the foremost statesman of the age, might ever have stormed people's eyes through their ears to believe that the child was not spotty. Her name had begun to be "Spotterer" already; and now, as the polystigmatic view deepened, her name accrusted finally to the positive form of "Spotty."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BOERS OF THE TRANSVAAL.

THE first Dutch colony at the Cape of Good Hope was founded about thirty years after the Dutch West India Company obtained its patent for the colony of the New Netherlands. The Dutch were then in possession of the Spice Islands and the Eastern trade, and their ships used to call at the Cape for water, and to bury letters in the sand for their consorts to pick up. A shipwrecked merchant, Leenhart Jantz, and a surgeon, Jan Van Riebeck, saw what a convenience a permanent station at this half-way house would be, and pointed out its advantages to the Dutch East India Company. One of their arguments was that it was expedient to prevent the Cape being occupied by the Portuguese. Curiously, the Portuguese, who discovered and named the Cape of Good Hope, never tried to occupy it. They occasionally had landed there, and the Viceroy of Goa and seventy-five men had been killed by the natives. Their comrades took a cruel and treacherous revenge. They sent ashore a brass cannon as a present to the native chief. It was loaded with grape-shot, and ropes to drag it were attached to the muzzle. The Hottentots crowded to the ropes to carry off their prize. The Portuguese fired it. The slaughter was terrible; the frightened survivors fled, and the Portuguese got back to their ship as fast as they could. They never tried to land again.

Jan Van Riebeck reached Table Bay in 1651, and purchased the right to settle from the natives for the sum of fifty thousand guilders—a bad bargain, considering that Manhattan Island had been bought for sixty guilders. The colony thus founded prospered, and was re-enforced not only by immigrants from the mother country, but by numerous French Huguenots. Its history was very uneventful. The Dutch increased and multiplied, pressed the natives back, and had the usual border wars. They lived, like our predecessors in the good days of Peter Stuyvesant, without much poetry in their lives, but with a good deal of comfort and respectability.

The first disturbance in the even tenor of their way took place in 1795, that great year of changes. The United Provinces became the Batavian Republic, under French protection, and the Stadtholder was driven out. At once England occupied the Dutch possessions in the Eastern seas, and did not overlook the Cape of Good Hope. Troops were landed, nominally by the authority of the Prince of Orange. They met with slight resistance, and Sir James Craig became the first English Governor. The Cape was surrendered by the British at the peace of Amiens; but when that peace was broken, it was again seized, this time after a desperate resistance. In 1814, the Congress of Vienna gave England permission to turn her occupation into possession, and she has held it ever since. By this time the Boers had pushed their pasture farms up to the Kaffir territory. The border war became fiercer and more cruel. The Boers complained that the English government did not protect them. To pacify them, the latter removed the Kaffirs beyond the Great Fish River. In 1819, the Kaffirs attacked the colony, and were driven further back beyond the Keiskamma River; in 1833, they were again ordered to move on, and another war was followed by another large annexation. Hitherto, when cattle had been stolen by the natives, an equivalent had been recovered from them by an expedition, called a *commando*, consisting of armed Boers. The English government, being then in a paroxysm of philanthropy, abolished this system, and made other arrangements, of which the Kaffirs approved highly, and the Boers as highly disapproved. The latter said it was no joke to pay taxes for English law when it neither protected them nor allowed them to protect themselves. They complained, also, that they could not get paid for the cattle supplied to the army during the war. They were disgusted at the miserably small sum offered for the emancipation of their slaves; many refused the money, and it is lying unclaimed till to-day. The Boers in the pastoral regions had never acquiesced in the rule of England, and these accumulated grievances determined many of them to quit the colony. Five thousand stout Dutchmen, heads of households, packed up their Bibles, took their old rifles, and set out for a land of freedom. The wagon is to the Boer a house on wheels; he and his family sleep in it at night; the latter travel in it by day, while he provides the dinner by bringing down some of the countless antelopes. Thus they plunged into the interior, now fighting, now negotiating, till they came to the Orange River. Then, beyond the limits of the colony, they founded the Orange Free State. Another party, nine hundred wagons strong, passed over the Drakenberg, and went down to Natal, on the coast, where they intended to build a New Amsterdam. Here the Boers hoped to find peace. But in 1841 the English Governor of the Cape warned them not to attack his "allies," the Amaponda Kaffirs. The Boers said that they had nothing to do with England, and would protect their property as they chose. Two hundred and fifty British soldiers landed at Natal. The Boers told them to quit. They attacked the Boers, but were defeated, and blockaded in their camp. At length more English soldiers were landed, and Natal was made an English colony.

This seizure of Natal, as impolitic as iniquitous, has been the cause of all England's subsequent troubles in Africa. The English settlers in Natal were chiefly land speculators, army contractors, office-holders, and the like, and war and annexation were highly popular among them. Their influence led to the invasion of the Orange Free State, and its transformation into the Orange Sovereignty. The General of the Boers, Pretorius, was driven across the Vaal. When the bill for these inglorious conquests was sent in, John Bull began to grumble. The investment seemed a bad one, and in 1851 Great Britain left the Dutch in possession of the Transvaal and Orange River territory, stipulating never to interfere between the Boers and the natives, and never under any pretext to cross the Orange River. Of course she did both. She took the Basuto tribe—whom the Boers were going to wipe out—under her protection, and she crossed the Orange River. When she left the Orange territory in 1852, it was poor. Farms since then had been laid out, towns built, roads made, regular government established, but still the country was not worth coveting. In 1869, however, the Orange Free State contained the most remarkable diamond mine in the world. On an old map of 1750 there is written across this tract the words "Here be diamonds." Of course it was contrary to the eternal fitness of things for any country but England to have such a mine. Land-sharks and swindlers set to work. They soon found that the mine was not in the Orange State or in the Transvaal, but in the territories of a chief called Waterboer. The Cape government took the mine from the Free State because it belonged to Waterboer; why it took it from Waterboer is not clearly explained.

The Orange Free State is administered by its President, Mr. Brand. Froude describes him in the following words: "He is a blunt, straightforward Dutchman, who said what he meant. He spoke with dignity and clearness. The English, a great and powerful nation, had been pleased, he said, to break faith with a small, weak republic. They had robbed the Orange Free State, and had justified themselves by charging it with crimes which it had not committed. He had asked for the arbitration of a foreign power, and he had been told that England would not submit her actions to the judgments of foreigners. He had tried other means of redress, and failed. He had sent round a protest to the great powers, but he could not pretend to resist by force." Mr. Froude expresses unfeigned astonishment at a statesman like Mr. Brand. "I found that he believed that there was a real Providence in the world, and that an unjust action would not be allowed to prevail. The friend and ally of England he was willing to be; its subject, never." Mr. Brand finally carried his complaints to London. Their justice was acknowledged. A sum of $450,000 was paid as a compensation. With these terms the Free State was satisfied; and at present Mr. Brand is using all his influence to prevent the Orange Boers making common cause with the Transvaal.

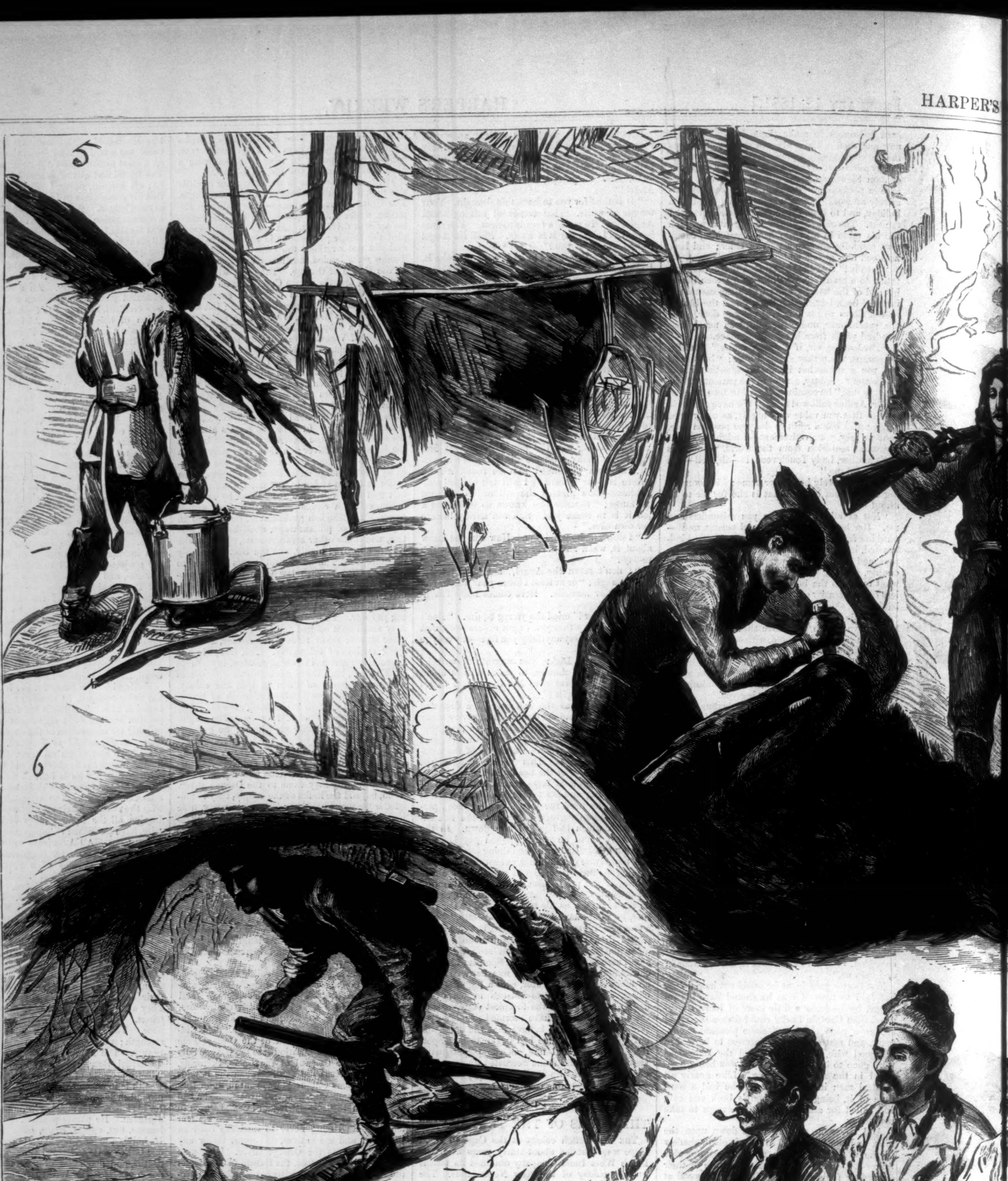
Very different is the President of the Transvaal Republic. Mr. Burgers is much more polished, and much more crafty. An accomplished, well-educated gentleman, gracious and agreeable, he was credited, according to Froude, "with the ambition of being a South African Washington." He made a treaty with the Portuguese for a railroad from his capital, Pretoria, to Delagoa Bay. He corresponded with Holland, and even approached Bismarck. He talked to Froude of a confederation of the South African states. "When I asked him under what flag, I got no clear answer." His countrymen, according to the same authority, rather laughed at him. But he continued his course. When gold was discovered in the Transvaal, he coined it into money with his own image, and went with specimens of his coinage to Europe. He visited Holland and Portugal, and hoped to put himself under the protection of the European powers. On his return to Africa, he set about his railroad, and bullied the native chiefs. He tried to reduce Secocoeni, whom he claimed as a subject, he quarrelled with Cetewayo, and was threatened by the Matabeles. The treasury of Pretoria was empty. The Boers refused to pay taxes. The state was bankrupt. A native war was imminent. The people of Natal, jealous of the projected railroad to Delagoa Bay, began to intrigue, and by unscrupulous means got up in the Transvaal signatures to a petition asking for annexation. They told the British government that "humanity" required it to save the Boers from the Zulus, and that this could only be done by annexing the territory. England listened to these representations. A commissioner was sent to Pretoria. The Transvaal flag—green, with the Dutch horizontal tricolor in the fly—was hauled down, and the country formally annexed.

England has paid dear for her folly. Secocoeni has twice revolted. Cetewayo required an army to crush him. The Boers are full of hatred. A petition bearing 6951 signatures of adult Boers, praying for restoration of the country's independence, was forwarded to England. But in vain. They have now taken up arms. Their most influential leader is Jonbert, an old Boer of Huguenot extraction, who is held in universal esteem. British troops have been defeated; British garrisons are besieged. The sympathy of Europe is with the Boers. Their countrymen of Rotterdam, Leyden, all the famous cities of the Low Countries, have published remonstrances to the British government. All Americans must feel an interest in this struggle for Republican institutions. New-Yorkers, citizens of a State founded by Dutch colonists, must feel double sympathy for this Dutch war of independence. Mr. Gladstone can not be deaf to such appeals. He is overflowing with sympathy for picturesque Montenegrins and romantic Greeks. Let him do justice to the honest and homely Boer.

For the Boers are essentially honest and homely. All travellers describe them as decent, comfortable, frank, hospitable, and courteous people. There is nothing slovenly, harsh, and unbecoming about them; their houses are scrupulously clean, their beds are good, and silver spoons abound. They are energetic, phlegmatic, moral, and industrious. A Frenchman describes them as a *race têtue.* The men are tall, and of Herculean strength; the women have a kind of majestic beauty. The families are always large. "The Transvaal Boer," to quote Froude once more, "has an estate of 6000 to 20,000 acres. His wealth is in sheep and cattle. He comes on the ground in his wagon. He builds sheds or pens for his stock. He incloses three or four acres for a garden. He plants peaches, apricots, oranges, lemons, figs, apples, pears, olives, and almonds. He builds a modest house. He has generally but one book—a large clasped Bible, with the births, deaths, and marriages of the family for half a dozen generations. When a son or daughter marries, a house is built for the new family. Thus the Transvaal is filled up by a people who care nothing for the world, who never read a newspaper, and whose one idea, beyond their own concerns, is hatred of the English. They are a proud, stubborn race, free, and resolute to remain free. They are strict Calvinists, ignorant, obstinate, and bigoted, not unlike what Scotch farmers were about two hundred years ago." All travellers speak of the strong religious feelings of the Boers. "Mr. Cronje," writes a traveller, two years ago, "is a Boer of intelligence and good appearance. He is a very religious man, and after supper offered up an extempore prayer, in which he made special reference to the guests under his roof. His house was orderly; his children, of which twelve were present, out of a total of eighteen, showed him great respect and reverence." "Mr. Erasmus," the same traveller writes, "is a tall, powerful, handsome man, between eighty and ninety years of age. He has the history of his country by heart, having been actively engaged in nearly every war that has been waged with both Europeans and natives since the cession to England in 1814."

A race so prolific, and so patriarchal in its virtues, will soon people their immense territory; a race so tenacious of its rights, so full of its traditions, will show in defending it that they are no unworthy descendants of the burghers whose iron courage neither Spain nor France could break. Like the old Scotch Covenanters, whom they so much resemble, they may be defeated in the field, but their cause will be victorious.

HUGH CRAIG.



1. Skinning the Cow. 2. Fishing through the Ice. 3. The Canadian Boat Song

MOOSE-HUNTING I

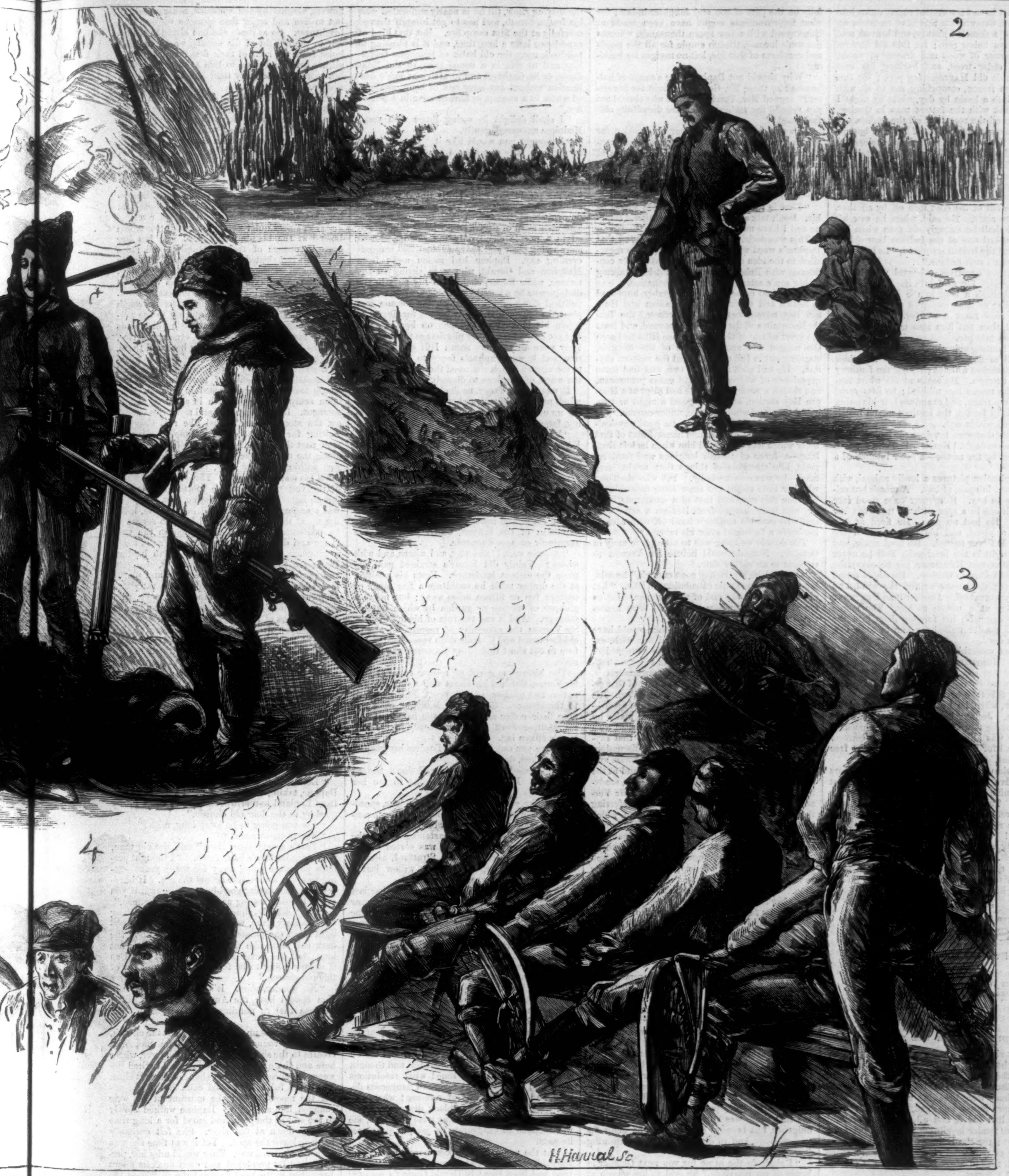
MOOSE-HUNTING.

The American moose is the largest member of the deer family to be found in any quarter of the globe. It frequently attains a weight of 1200 pounds; but its flesh is by no means so palatable as that of its smaller congeners, it being deficient in succulency and delicacy of flavor. It is highly appreciated by red men and hungry pale-faces, however, and many a sportsman with a dainty palate has become enthusiastic over the tenderness of the muffle or the sirloin off a fat cow or a young bull. The muffle is considered to be the most delicate part, and to be a morsel fit for the gods.

The moose is hunted by true sportsmen more for the qualities its pursuit develops than out of a desire to feast on its flesh, for it is one of the most cautious and vigilant of its kind, suspicious, and wanting in that fatal curiosity which lures to their death so many other species of deer. It is still abundant in several of the Western Territories of the United States and British America, notwithstanding the war which has been waged against it by Indians, half-breeds, and whites. It has become extinct in several portions of the eastern division of the United States, and it was fast disappearing in Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick until the law of 1874 was passed, which made it a serious offense for persons to kill it for three years. This law has been largely ignored, however, by residents; and the creatures known as "skin-hunters" have not hesitated to kill all kinds, from fawns to pregnant females, for their hides alone, whenever they had the opportunity, while they left the carcasses to rot on the ground, or to feed carnivorous birds and quadrupeds. These skins realized four or five dollars each in a green state, they being largely used for making *bottes sauvages*, or moccasins, snow-shoes, and touch-skin hunting garments.

Three methods are employed in moose-hunting—stalking, running the quarry down in the snow with dogs, and "calling," or luring. The first and last are legitimate sport, but it would require a large stretch of the imagination to consider the other anything but butchery. It is resorted to only when the snow is deep and covered with a hard crust, so that the poor animals have no chance of escape from their human foes. When a yard is discovered, the inmates are shot down if possible, but should they make a dash for liberty, men and dogs pursue them, the former on snow-shoes, and drive them until they drop from exhaustion or become imbedded in snow-drifts, when they are knocked on the head with an axe, or shot down at a distance of a few paces. In the early portion of the season, however, before the crust becomes very hard, it is legitimate to chase the animal on snow-shoes, as that develops both the skill and endurance of the hunter. Indians have been known to follow a moose in this manner for three days, and finally capture it by fairly running it down. This is arduous and chilling work, and few, ex[cep]... and hardy sportsmen, car[e] to ... than once or twice. Cam[p]ing ... dense forest, and with n[o] o... snow, is not a very cheeri[n]g ... results in the capture of [a] m... this is added coarse food, [a]nd ... ting lost in a strange cou[nt]ry ... be a storm, it will be unde[rs]to... by no means a luxurious o[n]e.

Moose-calling commence[s] a... tember, and ends about [t]he ... The Earl of Dunraven, [a] e... man, in an article publis[h]ed ... *Century*, gives the followi[ng] ... of this mode of hunting:



at Songs 4. Before the Fire. 5. The Bivouac. 6. Waiting for the Dog to come out.

TING IN CANADA.

few, except the most ardent en, care to indulge in it more . Camping out at night in a with no other bed than the cheering prospect, even if it ure of moose; and when to e food, and the danger of get- ge country, especially if there e understood that the sport is rious one.

nmence about the 1st of Sep- about the 15th of October. aven, an enthusiastic sports- published in the *Nineteenth* following graphic description ting:

"A full moon occurring between the middle and end of September is the best of all times. The best plan in calling is to fix upon a permanent camp, and make little expeditions of two or three days' duration from it, returning to rest and get fresh supplies. Then you enjoy the true luxury of hunting. Then you feel really and thoroughly independent and free. The Indian carries your blanket, your coat, a little tea, sugar, and bread, a kettle, and two tin pannikins. The hunter has enough to do to carry himself, his rifle, ammunition, a small axe, hunting-knife, and a pair of field-glasses. Thus accoutred, clad in a flannel shirt and homespun continuations, moose-hide moccasins on your feet, your trousers tucked into woollen socks, your arms unencumbered with that useless article a coat, you plunge into the woods, the sun your guide in clear weather, your pocket-compass if it is cloudy, the beasts and birds and fishes your companions; and wander through the woods at will, sleeping where the fancy seizes you, 'calling' if the nights are calm, or still-hunting on a windy day.

"Calling is the most fascinating, disappointing, exciting, of all sports. You may be lucky at once, and kill your moose the first night you go out, perhaps at the very first call you make. You may be weeks and weeks, perhaps the whole calling season, without getting a shot. Moose-calling is simple enough in theory; in practice it is immensely difficult of application. It consists in imitating the cry of the animal with a hollow cone made of birch bark, and endeavoring by this means to call up a moose near enough to get a shot at him by moonlight or in the early morning. He will come straight up to you, within a few yards—walk right over you, almost—answering, 'speaking,' as the Indians term it, as he comes along, if nothing happens to scare him; but that is a great *if*. So many unavoidable accidents occur.

"The great advantage of moose-calling is that it takes one out in the woods during the most beautiful period of the whole year, when Nature, tired with the labor of spring and summer, puts on her holiday garments, and rests luxuriously before falling into the deep sleep of winter. The great heats are past, though the days are still warm and sunny; the nights are calm and peaceful, the mornings cool, the evenings so rich in coloring that they seem to dye the whole woodland with sunset hues, for the maple, oak, birch, and beech trees glow with a gorgeousness unknown to similar trees in this country. If the day is windy, you can track the moose and cariboo, or perchance a bear, through the deep shady recesses of the forest. On a still day you may steal noiselessly over the smooth surface of some lake, or along a quiet reach of still river water, fringed with alder, winding tortuously through natural meadows, or beneath a ridge crowned with birch and maples, whose feathery branches and crimson leaves are so clearly reflected on a surface perfectly placid that you seem to be gliding over a forest of submerged trees. Or you may indulge to perfection in that most luxurious pastime—doing nothing. I know a lovely place for that, on a hunting ground I used to frequent, a little island of woods about a quarter of a mile from camp, with a tall pine-tree in the middle, which was kind enough to arrange its branches in such a way that it was very easy to climb. Thither I would go on lazy days, when tired with hunting, with my gun and a book, and leaning against its friendly trunk, read till I was tired of literature, and then climb up in the breezy branches and look out far and wide over the barrens on either side. Many a cariboo have I seen from thence, and shot him after an exciting stalk out on the plain."

We are indebted to the artist for the following amusing account of a moose-hunt in Canada, the incidents of which he has graphically depicted with his pencil:

Procumbit humi *moose*—low lies the trophy of our guns. Not a *he*, for it has no horns, but a poor cow, which has perhaps lagged behind to look after her silly calf. We are mighty hunt-

ers! For this have we travelled eighty miles into the bush from Ottawa; for this have we taken up our abode in a deserted shanty, and braved cold twenty degrees below zero; for this did SMYTHE become a hewer of wood and drawer of water, hacking at cedar-trees, and barking his own shins; for this did HARBORD fry pork; for this was my nose frozen, compelling me to sit with it plunged into a basin by day, while by night I shared a bunk with the fattest man in Quebec, who took up all the room and all the *buffalo*.

Is that memory of a bed of balsam boughs pleasant? Emphatically no! Nevertheless, we braved it all, we and our Indians (see sketch No. 4), DAVID PAS-PLUS, JOHNNY BROWN, and NELSON RIVET, a French trapper.

NELSON was a brave man. He had shot a bear from the outside of a shanty through a hole, and had had the tail of his coat torn off by another. He was over sixty. He said, when he saw his portrait, "I shall be an ugly old man when I'm old." He asked one of the Indians how old he might be, and the Indian answered, "Le bon Dieu sait; je connais rien dedans."

Let us fancy ourselves primeval men in the primeval forest. Let us fish in the primitive Indian way, through a hole in the ice. See! the primitive char or bass swallows the bait unsuspectingly. Now mark a wonder. Let the fish freeze hard, then put him into unfrozen water, and he thaws into life.

Man is a hunting animal. Look at that Indian on the trail of the moose. See how he glides under the branches without shaking the feathery snow from thereon. He looks at the white maple twigs the moose has nibbled; he lifts some snow from the track, and examines it in his palm. One can't help feeling the instinct of the bloodhound stirred within one.

The tracks that were ten days old have become three—two—to-day's. Here's a bed under a balsam just left by the moose—a snow intaglio of a moose.

Our imagination pictures a lordly animal, with horns six feet in span, at bay. A moose but seldom comes to bay. HUMPHREY once stood face to face with one in a spot with no trees but low tamarisks. He had no gun. He fired at 150 feet with a pistol, and hit the moose in the shoulder. It never moved. He fired again, and hit him straight in the forehead. Still he never moved. Then was HUMPHREY (so he says) the worst scared fellow in Quebec. He edged round to windward; the moose sniffed the wind, and then quietly trotted off. Another time HUMPHREY sent his dog at a moose at bay. The moose struck the dog with his fore-leg deep into the snow. His master waited for him to come out, but he was dead.

Might not something like this happen now? Alas! no. HUMPHREY snapped his rifle at something I did not see, though I stood by his side, the trees were so thick with snow. He pulled again, and this time his rifle went off.

HARBORD, when he heard the shot, found his gun frozen. JOHNNY fired, and shouted when he saw the moose down. DAVID ran up, shrieking the moose was killed by him. What a commotion, and all for a cow! Never mind, we're free of the forest.

Let us skin it. The hide is worth ten dollars —twenty-five if made up into moccasins. Cut off the muffle for a dainty dish, and a leg for a trophy. To-night we will have a feast. Cut plenty of venison steaks.

A rough red meat, most hard to chew, and how ill cooked! Give me that broken tin for preserved milk, and let me muse on the civilization we have left. No, let us be jolly, and sing Canadian boat songs in character, this branch for a canoe, and our snow-shoes for paddles. So the time goes, like water in a rapid.

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ASPHODEL.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "BARBARA; OR, SPLENDID MISERY," "A STRANGE WORLD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "VIXEN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"AY FLETH THE TIME, IT WOL NO MAN ABIDE."

NEARLY six months had gone since that wintry parting, when the lovers clasped hands and blessed each other under the sign of Aries; and now it was midsummer, and all the fields were green, and the limes were breaking into blossoms, and the hawthorn flower was dead, and the last of the blue-bells had faded, and all the white orchard blooms, the tender loveliness of spring, belonged to the past; for the beauty of earth and nature is a thing of perpetual change, so closely allied with death that in every rapture there is the beginning of a regret.

Gerald Goring had returned, not quite so soon as he had promised beside the winter hearth, but in time to offer birthday greetings to Lina, and to assist in those legal preparations and argumentations which preceded the marriage settlement: in this case a formidable document, involving large interests, and full of consideration for children and grandchildren yet unborn, for daughters dying unmarried, or requiring to be dowered for marriage; for sons who might have to make marriage settlements of their own. There was to be a complete family history, put hypothetically, in Miss Lawford's marriage settlement.

Vainly had Lina tried to dower her sister with half, or at least some portion, of her own wealth. Daphne obstinately refused to accept any such boon; and Edgar as obstinately sustained her in her determination.

"I won't accept a penny," said she.

"I don't want a halfpenny with her," said he—a refusal which Mrs. Turchill considered supreme folly on the part of son and daughter-in-law; for what improvements might have been made at Hawksyard with a few spare thousands, whereas her son's income, though ample for all the needs and comforts of this life, left no margin for building.

"Why should not Daphne have a range of hothouses like those Mr. Goring has built for her sister?" argued Mrs. Turchill. "Or why should not you rebuild the stables, which are dreadfully old-fashioned?"

"I would not change the dear old fashion for worlds, mother, now that I have made every sanitary improvement," answered Edgar; "least of all would I improve Hawksyard into a modern house with Goring's money."

"But it is not Mr. Goring's money that is offered; it is Miss Lawford's."

"That is the same thing. The loss would be his. Don't talk any more about it, mother. Daphne and I have made up our minds."

This was decisive; for Mrs. Turchill knew that Daphne's word was Edgar's law. She was reconciled to the idea of the marriage, but in her confidence with Rebecca she could not help talking of her son's attachment as an infatuation.

Gerald had come back considerably improved in health and spirits by his Canadian and Hudson Bay adventures. He had crossed the Turtle Mountain and the arid plains beyond, and from the crest of one of the Sweet Grass Hills had seen the rugged and snowy outline of the Rockies, standing out in full relief against the western skyline. He had shot a bear or two, and had some experience of wolves. He had eaten pemmican, and ridden a woolly horse; he had slept at a Hudson Bay station, and had passed a night or two, half frozen and wholly awake, under canvas. Variety and adventure had done him good physically and mentally; and he told himself that of that fever which had tormented him when he left England—a fever of foolish longings and fond regrets, idle thoughts of things that might have been—he was cured wholly. Yet who shall say whether time might not show some resemblance between this cure and that of a dangerous lunatic, who is discharged from Bedlam a sane man, and who cuts his mother's head off with a carving-knife a fortnight after his release?

The double wedding was to take place early in October. Nothing could induce Sir Vernon to consent to an earlier date.

"I shall lose my darling soon enough," he said, ignoring Daphne in his calculations of loss. "Let me keep her till the end of the summer. Let us spend this one summer together. Who knows that it may not be my last?"

Any wish expressed by her father would have governed Madoline's conduct, and this wish, expressed so stringently, could not be disregarded. Sir Vernon was frequently ailing, in a languid half-hearted way, which looked like hypochondriasis, but might be actual disease, and a part of that organic evil which was never clearly described. His doctor recommended an entire change of scene—Switzerland, the Engadine, if he could make up his mind to travel so far, and to be satisfied with the simpler diet and accommodation of that skyey world. There was a good deal of discussion, and it was ultimately settled that Sir Vernon and his daughters should start for Switzerland at the end of June, and move quietly about there, studying the invalid's pleasure in all things. Sir Vernon set his face against the Engadine, preferring the more civilized shores of Lake Leman, which he knew by heart.

Daphne had never been beyond Fontainebleau, and was enraptured at the idea of seeing snow-clad mountains and strange people. Gerald and Edgar were to be of the party, and they were only to return to England in time for the double wedding. The sisters were to be married on the same day, after all. That had been settled for them arbitrarily by family and friends, despite Daphne's objection; and Warwickshire people were already beginning to speculate upon the details of the ceremony, and to wonder what dean or bishop would be privileged to tie the knot, assisted by the Rev. Marmaduke Ferrers, of course.

Daphne's conduct since her engagement had been unobjectionable. Nobody could deny her sweetness, or could fail to approve the sobriety which had come over her manners and conversation. Her hot fits and cold fits, her high spirits and low spirits, were all over. She was uniformly amiable and uniformly grave—not taking rapturous pleasure in anything, but seemingly contented with her lot in life, devoted in her affection to her sister, unvaryingly kind to her lover. Edgar was never tired of thanking Heaven for the blessedness of his lot. He had remitted his tenants five-and-twenty per cent. of their March rents; not that there was any special need for such indulgence, but because he longed to be generous to somebody, and to disseminate his overflowing joy.

"I shall do the same for you next October in honor of my marriage," he said, in his speech at the audit dinner; "and after that I shall want all the money you can pay me, as a family man."

Madoline, utterly happy in her lover's society, after that interval of severance which had seemed so long and dreary, cared very little where their lives were to be spent, so long as they were to be together. Yet the idea of revisiting Lake Leman —which she had seen and loved seven years ago, in a quiet pilgrimage with her father—with Gerald for her attendant and companion, had a certain fascination.

"It is rather like anticipating our honey-moon, is it not, dear?" he asked, laughingly. "But when the honey-moon comes, we shall find some new world to explore."

"Would you like to take me to the Red River?"

"I think that would be a shade too rough even for your endurance. The Italian lakes, and a winter in Rome, would suit us better. It is all very well for a man to travel in a district where he has to cover his face with a muffler, and head the driving snow, till he is nearly suffocated with his frozen breath, and has to get himself thawed carefully at the first camp fire. But that kind of experience lasts a long time, and it is pleasing to fall back upon the old habit of luxurious travelling, and to ride in a coupé through the Mont Cenis, or St. Gothard, and to arrive at one's destination without any large risk of being swallowed whole in a swamp, or burned alive in a prairie fire."

"I shall delight in seeing Rome with you," Madoline answered, gently.

"I thought you would like it. I really know my Rome. It is a subject I have studied thoroughly, and I shall love playing cicerone for you."

It was midsummer, a perfect midsummer evening, the placid sky still faintly tinted with rose and amethyst yonder where the sun had just gone down behind the undulating line of willows. The little town of Stratford lay in its valley, folded in a purple cloud, only the slender church spire rising clear and sharp against that tranquil evening sky. Daphne had stolen away from Madoline and Gerald, who were sitting on the terrace, while Edgar, chained to his post in the dining-room by a lengthy monologue upon certain political difficulties with which Sir Vernon was pleased to favor him, vainly longed for liberty to rejoin his idol. She had put on her hat, and had set out upon a lonely pilgrimage to Stratford. They were all to leave South Hill early to-morrow, and it was Daphne's fancy to bid good-by to the church which sheltered those ashes it were the worst of sacrilege to disturb.

It was an idle fancy, no doubt, engendered of a mind prone to idle thoughts; but Daphne, having no urgent occupation for her time this evening, fancied she had a right to indulge it.

"I am going for a little walk," she had told Edgar, as she left the dining-room; "don't fidget yourself about me."

From which moment poor Edgar had been in agonies of restlessness, turning an ear deafer than any adder's to Sir Vernon's disquisition upon the critical state of the country, and the utter incapacity of the men in office to deal with such a crisis, and inwardly chafing against every extension of the subject, which prolonged the seemingly endless discourse.

"A little walk!" and why, and where, and with whom? Vainly did Edgar's strained gaze explore the distant landscape. From his position at the dinner table he could see a fine range of country ten or fifteen miles away; but never a glimpse of terrace or garden by which Daphne must go. And it was the rule of his life to show Sir Vernon the extremity of respect, an almost old-fashioned and Grandisonian reverence; therefore to cut short that prosy discourse was impossible.

The blessed moment of release came at last. Sir Vernon finished his claret with a sigh, and left nation and ministry to their fate. Edgar hurried to the terrace. Gerald and Madoline were sipping their coffee at a little rustic bamboo table, the Maltese Fluff lying luxuriously in his mistress's silken lap.

"Have you any idea where Daphne has gone?" Edgar asked, despairingly.

"No, indeed. I saw her stroll down toward the river. Perhaps she has gone to see her aunt."

"Thanks, yes, I dare say," replied Edgar, speeding off toward the Rectory, without waiting to consider whether the clew were worth following.

While Mr. Turchill was hastening across the fields at racing pace, Daphne was seated in her boat, quietly drifting toward Stratford, along a dreamy twilit river, where every willow had a ghostly look in the evening dimness.

She was full of grave thoughts on this her last night in Warwickshire. It was more than a year —a year and a quarter—since she had come home, for good, as the phrase goes, and a year and a quarter makes a large section of a young life. The years are so long in early youth, when the heart and mind live so fast, and every day is a history; so strangely different from the monotonous years of middle age, which glide past unawares, like the level flats seen from a canal-boat, each meadow so like the last that the voyager is unconscious of progress, till he feels the salt breath of death's ocean creeping across the low marshes of age, and knows that his journey is nearly done.

To Daphne that year at South Hill had been a lifetime. How ardently she had felt and thought and suffered within the time! what resolutions made and broken! what fevers of dangerous delight, and dull intervals of remorse! what wild and wicked hopes! what black despair! Looking back at the time that was gone and dead, she was inclined to exaggerate its joys, to gloss over its pain.

"At the worst, I have been happy with him," she said, remembering how much of that vanished time had been spent in Gerald Goring's society; "though he is nothing to me, and never can be anything to me but a man to be shunned, yet we have been happy together, and that is something."

She remembered some lines of Dryden's which Gerald had quoted in her presence:

"To-morrow, do thy worst, for I have lived to-day.
Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine,
The joys I have possessed, in spite of Fate, are mine."

She had lived her day. There had been moments in the past; moments that had stirred the deeps of her soul with a power as mysterious as the sweep of the angelic wing upon Bethesda's pool; moments when she had fancied herself beloved by him whom to love was treason. These stood out upon the page of memory in fiery characters, and in their supernal light all the rest of the record seemed dull and dark. There had been hours of unquestioning bliss when she had in no wise reasoned upon her happiness, when she had not asked herself whether she was loved or scorned, but had been happy as the summer insects are among the flowers, vivified by the sunshine, asking nothing but to live and enjoy that glorious warmth and brightness. So at times she had abandoned herself to the delight of his society, whom she had loved from the hour of their first meeting, giving all her heart and mind to him at once as utterly but more unconsciously than Juliet gave hers to Romeo.

She had lived her day. The long vista of to-morrow and to-morrow opened before her joyless gaze, and she could look down the tranquil path it was her fate to tread—a wife beloved and honored, a sister fondly loved, a daughter reconciled with her father, mistress of a fine old house full of quaint and pleasant associations, established for life in the heart of rural scenes which her soul loved. Surely it was not a destiny to be contemplated with such profound sadness as shadowed her face to-night, while she leaned listlessly on her oars, and drifted down the full dark river.

All was very quiet below the bridge when she landed at the boat-builder's yard, and left her craft in charge of that amphibious and more than half intoxicated hanger-on who is generally to be found waiting on fortune at every landing-stage. The walk to the church was dark and shadowy, lights twinkling in the low cottage windows, glimpses of home-life dimly seen through open doors. Daphne walked quickly to the avenue of limes, that green odorous aisle which leads to the porch. There had been evening service, and the lights were still burning here and there, and the heavy old door stood ajar. Daphne pushed it gently open, and crept into the church, past the stately monuments of mediæval Cloptons, whose marble effigies reposed in solemn pomp upon sculptured tombs, rich in armorial emblazonment. In the faint light and mysterious shadow the stony figures looked like real sleepers, waiting for the last dread summons. Daphne stole past them with noiseless footfall, and crept along the aisle to the lovely old chancel, where, just within the altar rails, William Shakspeare takes his last earthly rest. The sexton came out of the vestry to see whose footfall it was that fell so lightly on that everlasting flint. Daphne was standing by the altar rail in a reverie, looking up at the calm sculptured face, so serene in its contentment with a life which, in the vast range and dominion of a mind that was in itself a kingdom, had held all things worth having. These are the full and rounded lives, complete and perfect in themselves, the calm and placid lives of contemplative men, for whom the gates of the spiritual universe stand ever open, who are in no wise dependent upon the joys and gains and triumphs of this work-a-day world.

"Were you always happy, my calm-faced Shakspeare?" wondered Daphne. "Could you have sounded all the deeps of sorrow without having yourself suffered? I think not. Yet there seems hardly any room in your life for great sorrow, except perhaps in the loss of that child who died young. Was Ann Hathaway your only love, I wonder—you who wrote so sweetly of sorrowful, hopeless love—or was there another, another whom we know as Juliet, and Imogen, and Cordelia, and from whom you always lived far apart, yet whom you always loved?"

"I beg your pardon, miss," said the sexton; "I'm going to lock up the church."

"Let me stay a few minutes longer," pleaded Daphne, taking out her purse. "I am going away from England to-morrow, and I have come to say good-by to the dear old church."

"Are you going to be away long, miss?"

"Nearly three months."

"That's a very short time," said the old man, pocketing Daphne's half-crown. "I thought perhaps you were going away for many years—going to settle somewhere across the sea. It hardly seems like saying good-by to the church if you are to be back among us this side Michaelmas."

"No," said Daphne, dreamily, looking along the shadowy nave, where broken rays of moonlight from the painted windows shone upon the dark oak seats like dropped jewels. "It is not long; but one never knows. To-night I feel as if it were going to be forever. I am so fond of this old church."

"No wonder, miss. It's a beautiful church. You should hear the Americans admire it. I suppose they've nothing half so good in their country."

The moon was up when Daphne left the church, and walked round by head-stones and memorial crosses to the shaded path beside the river, where here and there a seat on the low wall invited the weary to repose in the cool shade of ancient elms. The broad full river looked calm and bright under the moon-lit sky; the murmur of the weir sounded like a lullaby. Daphne walked slowly to the end of the path, and stood for a long time looking down at the river. She felt curiously loath to leave the spot. Yet it was time she was on her homeward way. They would miss her, perhaps, and be perplexed and even anxious about her. But in the next moment she dismissed the idea of any such anxiety on her behalf.

"Lina will not think about me while Mr. Goring is with her, and my father is not likely to trouble himself. There is only poor Edgar, and he will guess which way I have come, and follow me if he takes it into his head to be uneasy."

Re-assured by this idea, Daphne resolved to gratify her fancy for farewells to the uttermost, and to say good-by to the house where the poet was born. Stratford streets were very empty and quiet at this period of the summer evening, and she met only a few people between the churchyard and the sacred dwelling. To a stranger, entrance into the sanctuary at such an hour would have been out of the question; but Daphne was on friendly terms with the lady-custodians of the temple, and knew she could coax them to unlock the door for her pleasure. Never lamp or candle was admitted within the precincts, but on such a night as this there would be no need for artificial light; and Daphne only wanted to creep into the

quaint old rooms, to look round her quietly for a minute or two, and feel the spirit of the place breathing poetry into her soul.

"I have such a strange fancy that I may never see these things again!" she said to herself as she stood in the moon-lit garden, where only such flowers grew as were known in Shakspeare's time.

The two ladies lived in a snug little house with a strictly Elizabethan front, and casement windows that looked into the poet's garden. All that taste and research and an ardent love could do had been done to make Shakspeare's house and its surroundings exactly what they were when Shakspeare lived. The wise men of Stratford had brought their offerings in the shape of old pictures, and manuscripts, and relics of all kinds; the rooms had been restored to their original form and semblance; and pilgrims from afar had no longer need to blush for the nation which owned such a poet and held his memorials so lightly—a very different state of things from the loathsome vulgarity which pervaded the historic spot when Washington Irving visited Stratford.

The maiden warders of the house were a little surprised at so late a visit, but received Daphne kindly all the same, and were disposed to be indulgent to girlish enthusiasm in so worthy a cause. It was against the rules to open the house at so late an hour; but as no light was needed, Daphne should be allowed just to creep in, and bid good-by to the hearth beside which Shakspeare had played at his mother's knees.

"One would think you were going away for a long while, Miss Lawford," said one of the ladies, smiling at Daphne's eager face.

It was exactly what the sexton had said, and Daphne made the same answer she had given him.

"One never knows," she said.

"Ah, but we know. You are coming home to be married in the autumn. We have heard all about it. Stratford bells will ring a merry peal on that day, I should think, though I suppose the wedding will be at Arden church. I am so glad you are going to settle in the neighborhood, like your sister. What a grand place Goring Abbey is, to be sure! My sister and I drove over in a fly last summer to look at it. We went all over the house and grounds. It's a beautiful place; yet I don't know but that I like Mr. Turchill's old manor-house best."

"So do I," answered Daphne, absently.

"Of course you do," cried the other sister, laughing. "That's only natural."

They all three went across the garden in the moonlight, and the elder sister unlocked the house door.

"Would you like to go in alone?" she asked. "You are not afraid of ghosts?"

"Of Shakspeare's ghost? No. I should dearly love to see him. I would fall on my knees and worship the beautiful spirit."

"Go in, then. We'll wait in the garden."

Daphne went softly into the empty house. It was more ghostly than the church, more uncanny in its emptiness. She felt as if the disembodied souls of the dead were verily around and about her. That empty hearth on which the moonbeams shone so coldly; those dusky walls; a vacant chair or two; a gleam of colored light from an old scrap of stained glass. How cold it all felt in its dismal loneliness! She tried to conjure up a vision of the poet's home three hundred years ago—its old-world simplicity, its homely comfort and repose; a world before steam-engines and gas and electricity; a world in which printing and gunpowder were almost new. To think of it was like going back to the childhood of this earth.

Daphne left the outer door ajar, and crept softly through the rooms, half expectant of ghostly company. What tricks moonbeam and shadow played upon the walls, upon the solid old timber cross-beams, where in the unregenerate days, a quarter of a century ago, pilgrims used to pencil their miserable names upon the wood or whitewash, childishly fancying they were securing to themselves a kind of immortality! Daphne stood by the window with her heart beating feverishly, and her ear strained to catch the footfall of the sisters in the garden, and thus to be sure of human company. She looked along the empty street, moon-lighted, peaceful; even the tavern over the way a place of seeming tranquillity, notable only by its glimmering window and red curtain. The silence and shadowyness of the house were beginning to frighten her in spite of her better reason, when a step came behind her, a firm light tread which her ear and heart knew too well. It seemed almost as if her heart stopped beating at the sound of that footfall. She stood like a thing of marble, scarce breathing. The step had crossed the threshold of the outer room, and was drawing nearer, when an eager voice outside broke the spell:

"Is she there? Have you found her?"

It was Edgar's voice at the outer door.

"Yes. Where else should she be?" answered Gerald Goring.

"Well, my lady, I hope you are satisfied with the nice little dance you have led us," he said to Daphne, as coolly as if he had been talking to a spoiled child.

"You need not have troubled yourself about me," she answered, curtly. "I told Lina I was coming for a walk. How did Edgar know I was here?"

"Edgar knew nothing," answered Gerald, with a light laugh that was something too scornful for perfect friendship. "Edgar would as soon have looked for you at Guy's Cliff or Warwick Castle, or in the moon. I knew you were nothing if not Shakspearean; and when I heard you had taken your boat, I guessed you had gone to worship at your favorite shrine. We heard of you at the church, and hunted for you among the trees and tombs."

"And then we went back to the landing-stage, where you always stop, don't you know, when you go as far as Stratford, and finding you had not come back for your boat, I was almost in despair. But Gerald suggested Shakspeare's birth-place, and here we are."

It was Gerald, then, who had found her; it was Gerald whose quick sympathy, prompt to divine her thoughts, had told him where she would be. Her future husband, the man to whom she was bound, had guessed nothing, had no faculty for understanding her fancies and whims and follies. How wide apart must she and he remain all their lives, though nominally one!

They all three went quietly back to the garden, where the sisters were waiting, amused at Daphne's folly, and thinking it quite the most charming thing in girlhood; for to these vestals Shakspeare was a religion.

"I am really very sorry to have caused you so much trouble," said Daphne, apologizing in a general way; "but I had no idea my absence would give any one concern. Perhaps I have been longer than I intended to be."

"It struck ten a quarter of an hour ago," said Edgar.

"That's really dreadful; I had no idea it was so late."

Daphne bade the sisters good-by, apologizing humbly for her nocturnal visit. They went to the garden gate with her, and stood there watching the slim figure till it vanished in the moonlight, full of interest in her prettiness and her fancies.

"Is it not a sweet face?" asked one.

"And was it not a sweet idea to come and bid good-by to this house before she went abroad?" said the other.

Daphne and her companions walked down to the landing-stage, talking very little by the way; Edgar and his betrothed side by side, Gerald walking apart with a cigar.

Daphne wanted to row, but Edgar insisted on establishing her in the stern, wrapped in a shawl which he found in the boat. He took the sculls, and Gerald reclined in the bows, smoking and looking up at the night sky.

It was a lovely night; all the landscape sublimated by that glory of moonbeam and shadow into something better and more beautiful than its daylight simplicity; every little creek and curve of the river a glimpse of fairy-land; all things so radiantly and mysteriously lovely that Daphne wondered not to see the river-god and his attendant nymphs disporting themselves in some reedy shallow.

"On such a night as this one would almost expect to see the old Greek gods come back to earth. I can't help feeling sorry sometimes, like Alfred de Musset, that they are all dead and gone," she said, looking with dreamy eyes down the moon-lit tide, across which the shadows of the willows fell so darkly.

"I think, considering the general tenor of their conduct, every proper-minded young lady ought to feel very glad we have got rid of them," said Gerald, throwing away the end of his cigar, which fizzed and sparkled and made a little red spot in the moon-lit water—a light that was of the earth earthy amidst all that heavenly radiance. "How would you like to be run away with by a wicked old gentleman disguised as a bull; or to have the earth open as you were gathering daffodils, and a still wickeder old gentleman leap out of his chariot to carry you off to Tartarus?"

"How dare you call Zeus old?" cried Daphne, indignantly. "The gods were forever young."

"Well, he was a family man at any rate, and ought to have known better than to go masquerading about the plains and valleys when he ought to have been sitting in state on Olympus," answered Gerald. "Now such a river on such a night as this puts me in mind of old German legends rather than of Greek gods and goddesses. I shouldn't be a bit surprised if Miss Daphne Lawford were suddenly to develop into an Undine, and take a header into the river, cleaving the silvery tide, and going down to depths beyond any earthly fathom line, leaving Turchill and me aghast in the boat."

"I have often envied Undine," answered Daphne; "I love the river so dearly that years ago I used really to fancy there must be a bright world underneath it, where there are gnomes and fairies, and where one might live happy forever. Even now, though I have left off believing in fairies, I can not help thinking that there is profound peace at the bottom of this quiet river."

"If you were to go down experimentally in a diving-bell, I'm afraid you'd find only profound mud," said Gerald, with his cynical laugh.

Since his return from Canada he had treated Daphne much in the old fashion: as if she were a child upon whose foolishness his wisdom looked down from an ineffable height. There was nothing in manner, word, or look to show that he remembered that one fatal moment of self-betrayal, when his passionate heart gave up its secret.

"I wonder what Daphne will think of this turbid Avon after she has seen Lake Leman," he speculated presently—"eh, Turchill?"

"The lake is a great deal wider," said Edgar, with his matter-of-fact air; "and those capital steamers are a great attraction."

"A lake with steamers upon it! Too horrible!" cried Daphne. "I shall not like it half so well as my romantic Avon, though its waters are sometimes 'drumly.' Dear old Avon"—they were at the boat-house by this time, and she was stepping on shore as she spoke—"how long before I shall see you again?"

"Less than three months," said Edgar, clasping her hand as she sprang up the steps which Bink had cut in the meadow-bank. "Not quite three months; and then, darling," in a lower tone, "you will be all my own, and I shall be the happiest man on earth."

"Who knows?" returned Daphne. "How can one be sure, when one is leaving a place, that one will ever come back to it? Good-by, dear old river," she cried, turning to look back at it with eyes full of tears. "I feel as sad as if I were taking my last look at you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LOVE'S GUISE.

Love looked at me through thy dear eyes,
And won an answering glance from me;
And now I see him never more,
Save when, dear love, I turn to thee.
Full many a guise has Cupid worn,
The hearts of men to tempt away:
In eyes of brown he hides himself,
In eyes of black, and eyes of gray.

But neither guise my fancy stirred,
Until one day, 'neath June's bright skies,
The loving sprite peeped out at me,
Safe hidden in thy sweet blue eyes.
And then, ah, then, my heart gave up
Its long-stored wealth of love to thee,
And close and true my heart and thoughts
Hold fast the love thou givest me.

EDWARD A. SOTHERN.

On page 101 will be found the portrait of the well-known actor Edward A. Sothern, who died in London on the 20th of January, after an illness of more than a year. The news of his death was received in this country with genuine regret by the thousands whom he had delighted with his admirable personations of Lord Dundreary, Brother Sam, David Garrick, Hugh de Brass, Fitz-Altamont, and other characters. He was, in his peculiar line, an artist of consummate ability. He made his own place on the stage, after a hard and courageous struggle, and kept it to the last.

Mr. Sothern was born in Liverpool on the 1st of April, 1830. His first appearance on the stage was as an amateur at the Jersey theatre. After various engagements at home, he came to this country in 1852, but made no decided impression until he took the part of Lord Dundreary in Tom Taylor's comedy *Our American Cousin*, which was brought out in the fall of 1858. The principal character of the play at that time was Asa Trenchard, a self-possessed Yankee, with the usual nasal twang. Mr. Sothern soon perceived the possibilities that lay in the character of Lord Dundreary; and as it grew in importance under his hands, that of the other characters diminished. The ever-perplexed earl became the central figure of the play. Before Mr. Sothern departed for England, in 1861, he had played this character nearly a thousand times, with always increasing popularity. He was no less successful with it in England. An audience of Lord Dundreary's fellow-countrymen welcomed that nobleman in the person of Mr. Sothern at the Haymarket Theatre, in London, November 11, 1866. In spite of the utter improbability of the character, it was immediately accepted, and when the earl read the letter from his brother, asking if he had received a former letter which had not been directed, the laughter was so great that the *Athenæum* said thereafter that there was a "general convulsion."

Mr. Sothern remained abroad until 1871, when he returned to this country, and re-appeared on the stage of Niblo's Garden in his favorite character. He was very warmly received. After the performance, in the course of a little speech, he remarked that when he left America, Dundreary was but a sketch; he had brought him back a full-length portrait after Teniers.

From the time the public accepted the character of Lord Dundreary, Sothern's career was a continual success. His powers as an actor were, however, by no means limited to the eccentricities of that personage. He was equally popular in David Garrick, Brother Sam, the "Crushed Tragedian," and other characters. His last appearance in New York was made at the Park Theatre in November, 1879.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

There is an eminent graduate of Harvard, now living in New York, who has so far fallen from his high estate as to indulge habitually in punning. He was seen standing in a pensive mood the other day near one of the electric-light posts on Broadway, and was heard by a watchful policeman to remark, "The last trick is the *elec-tric!*"

He now rightfully languishes in durance vile.

"Boss," said a worthy negro whitewasher, "I'll hab to charge you just as much for dat ceiling as for de odder. It ain't quite so *excited*, boss, but it's dreffful *exaggerated!*"

Why are the conductors or brakemen on the Third Avenue elevated road conspicuously labelled "Guards"? The re-adoption of English nomenclature, which we properly disregarded long ago, is what the old Romans would have called a *vestigium retrorsum*—progress backward. When John Bull reluctantly consented to allow his beloved mail-coach to be superseded by the railway, he clung to every possible reminiscence of the former. His "carriage," utterly unlike our "car," is a reproduction of the coach, even down to those straps which hang at the sides of the windows. Then our "road-bed" is his "permanent way," our "locomotive" his "engine," our "switches" his "points," our "switching" his "shunting," our "engineer" his "driver" (here is the coaching term again), our "fireman" his "stoker," and our "conductor" his "guard." This re-Anglicism of the important creatures in uniform can not have a literal significance underlying it, for "guarding" the passengers is not a strong point with them.

In this connection it is only right to mention that a well-known citizen was seen during the terrible storm of Friday, January 21, standing on the steps of an east-side station, in such a state of wondering bewilderment that he heeded not the fury of the elements nor the inversion of his new umbrella. Sympathizing questions elicited from him the astounding statement that the conductor, instead of crying gruffly out, "Step lively there!" on the icy platform, had tenderly whispered, "Take your time." He was doubtless promptly discharged.

Speaking of English railways, the introduction of Pullman cars on the Midland line brought about some funny doings and sayings. A curious Bostonian asked the American superintendent of the cars how he had managed to preserve the traditions in the matter of conductors. He replied that he had imported "a regular Yank from Boston, with a cut-away coat and diamond studs," and suggested an interview with the individual in question, who had just come in on the train. On being asked if he had a good run, this person cheerily answered, "You bet I have!—three lords in the drawing-room car!"

A disgusted young man was recently heard to say that the old men in Boston usurped all the business, and that there "would have to be about thirty-five first-class funerals before a young man would get a show." This reminded a gentleman present of his own early experience in that noted city. He had worked long and faithfully in the employ of a firm, and thought that the time had come when he might expect promotion to a partnership. The head of the house was so old that he concerned himself about as few things as possible, and the ambitious young man found himself doomed to dire disappointment. His venerable principal did not even know his name.

This might have been one of those old and conservative Bostonians who held a meeting to found a bank, but abandoned the project because the only paper which they were willing to take was Abbott Lawrence's acceptance at thirty days, indorsed by Ebenezer Francis.

Few brighter and quicker replies have ever been made than that of the resident of Louisiana who was talking with a "visiting statesman" four years ago. The latter was endeavoring to establish the respectability of the members of the famed Returning Board.

"Now take that man," said he. "He is surely a respectable man. Is he not a planter?"

"Well," replied the person addressed, "you may call him a planter, but the things *he* plants don't come up. He's an undertaker."

The accounts given by the commissioners who have arranged the curious treaty with China, which has just been made public, of their reception in Pekin, recall the treatment in this country of the Burlingame embassy. Under the vague impression (which turned out to be hopelessly false) that the coming of the Chinese who accompanied Mr. Burlingame betokened a new departure on the part of the Mandarins which would in some way enure to our benefit, a tremendous excitement was gotten up about them. When they went to Boston, a series of formalities culminated in one of those fish-and-game dinners at Point Shirley which have done so much for the fame of the commonwealth of Massachusetts. Official dignity, professional eminence, civic grandeur, "culchah" in its varied forms—all were there, and so were the fish and birds. When the feast of reason and the flow of soul had begun, a professor took his seat in front of one of the fat, unctuous Chinamen, and, wiping his spectacles, gravely addressed him, oblivious of the fact that his knowledge of English was extremely limited.

"Now, Chun-ta-jen," said he, "you have seen our beautiful city, which we call the modern Athens. You have seen our institutions of commerce, of education, of science, and of art. What do you think, Chun-ta-jen, of the genius of these institutions?"

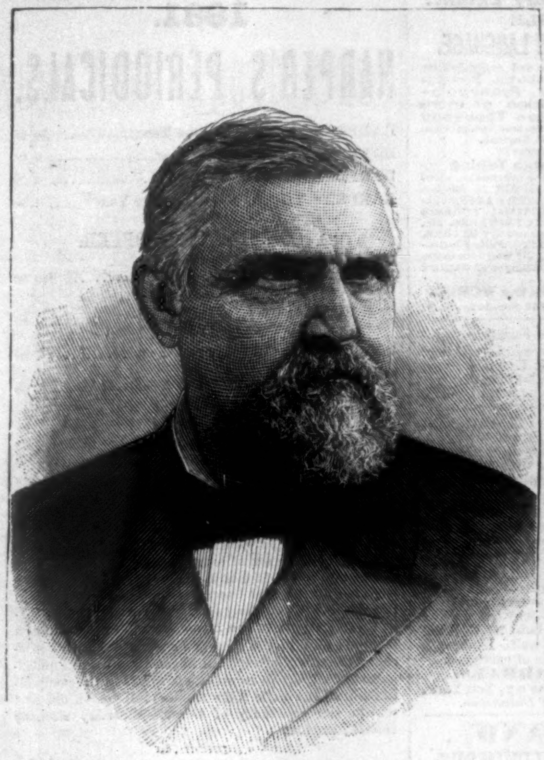
Chun-ta-jen had punished the viands and the wines with impartiality and severity. His rubicund countenance fairly shone, and his eyes were only open about the thirty-secondth of an inch. Ideas came to him slowly, but he caught the suggestion of an interrogatory of some kind or other, and was quite equal to the occasion.

"Mi likee," said he. "Mi membah one likee. So muchee" (he indicated successive degrees of height on the front of his ample robe) "b'long fishee. So muchee b'long bird. Alla b'long Champagne."

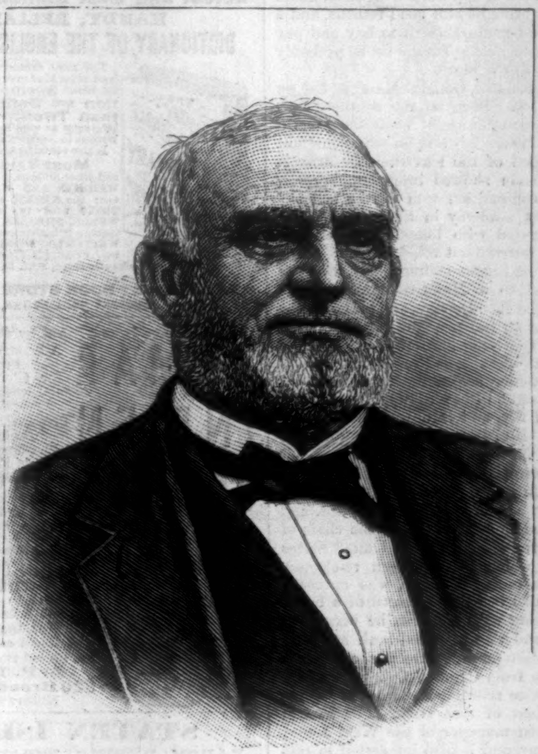
THE KANGAROO AS A FIGHTER.

A wild kangaroo is a more formidable beast than might be supposed. Standing at bay, in fighting attitude, on the tripod of his legs and tail, sometimes seven feet high, a solitary "forester" is not to be trifled with. The arms of such a beast are as long as those of a man, and his hand-like paws have sharp hooked claws. With these he will spar against a couple of powerful hounds like a boxer, and woe betide the unfortunate puppy that ventures within the reach of those sinewy limbs; he will be held for a moment in a strong grip, while a downward blow from the hind-foot, armed with its sharp long claw, rips him down from shoulder to tail. Sew up the gash, apply the black fellow's remedy—a little dry dust—and let him take his chance to die or crawl home a wiser hound. An old dog will wait his chance, make a flank attack, and get hold of the enemy by the tail, when over he goes, and is soon worried to death. A kangaroo always takes to the water, where he will stand as deep as he can, and methodically drown any dogs which venture within his reach. A stockman in Australia, while looking for tracks along the boundary of his run, heard a dog barking—a sound sure to attract a bushman's attention, as it would portend something wrong with a flock of sheep. Riding over in the direction of the sound, he found a shepherd in the grasp of a big old kangaroo, holding on for his life to a root in the bank of the creek. The kangaroo had been chased into the creek by the shepherd's dog, which had gone into the water after him, and would have been incontinently drowned had not his master gone to the rescue. The kangaroo, leaving the dog, had seized the man, and was doing his best to drown him, which he would most likely have done had the stockman not heard the frantic barking of the dog, and interfered with a big stick. The writer has never seen a kangaroo swim, though they always take to the water, when hard pressed, like deer. A mob of kangaroos running look very like fallow deer at a distance. When sitting up unmovable on the watch, they look so like gray stumps as to be indistinguishable to the inexperienced eye. They look very ghostly and uncanny as they go into water on bright moonlight nights.

COMMON PERILS OF DAILY LIFE.—DRAWN BY YEAGER AND THULSTRUP.



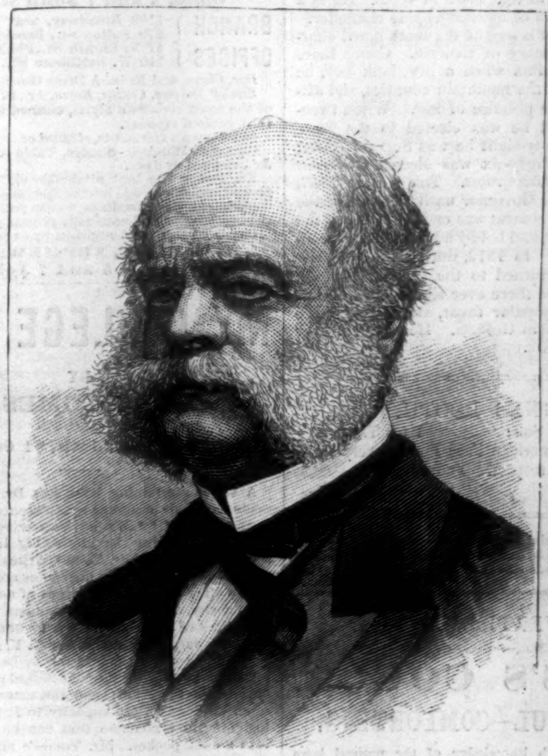
THE HON. J. N. CAMDEN, WEST VIRGINIA.—PHOT. BY MORA.



THE HON. PHILETUS SAWYER, WISCONSIN.

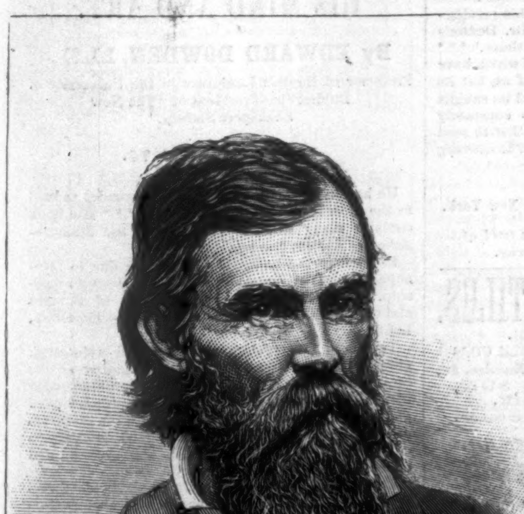
THE HON. S. J. R. McMILLAN, MINNESOTA.—PHOT. BY ZIMMERMAN.

THE HON. A. P. GORMAN, MARYLAND.—PHOT. BY BENDANN.

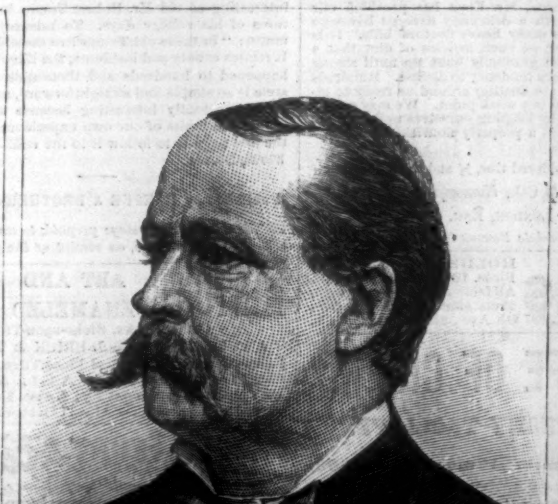


THE HON. A. E. BURNSIDE, RHODE ISLAND.—PHOT. BY BELL.

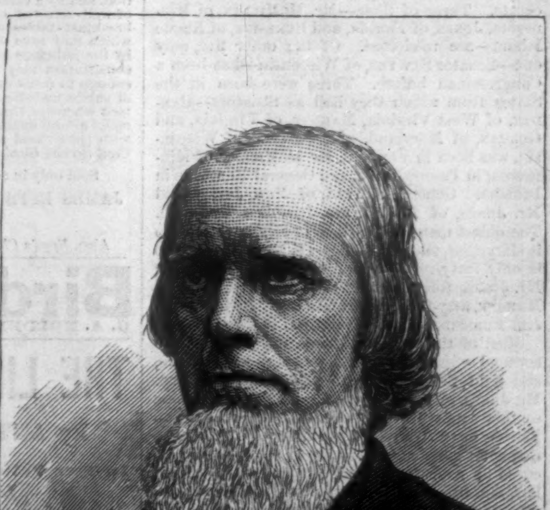
THE HON. C. W. JONES, FLORIDA.—PHOT. BY MORA.



THE HON. WILLIAM MAHONE, VIRGINIA.—PHOT. BY ANDERSON.



THE HON. W. J. SEWELL, NEW JERSEY.—PHOT. BY BROADBENT & PHILLIPS.



THE HON. JOSEPH E. BROWN, GEORGIA.—PHOT. BY BELL.

THE NEW SENATE.—[SEE PAGE 110.]

THE OBELISK IN CENTRAL PARK.

THE famous Egyptian Obelisk has finally been placed in position in Central Park, and our sketches on page 101 show how it was accomplished. We borrow from the account in the New York *World* the following description of the event. The signal for turning the shaft in the air was given about noon on Saturday, January 22, in the presence of a vast concourse of people. At that moment the great monolith lay, delicately poised on its trunnions, at a height of about forty feet from the ground, and covered with snow and ice. The preparations for turning the stone were amazing in their simplicity. At the small end of the obelisk was a short 1½-inch iron-wire rope, which was connected to a chain, anchored to the westward about sixty feet distant, by means of a threefold purchase, having the hauling part rove through a snatch-block made fast alongside of the anchor, and leading to a capstan on the southwest side of the foundation. At the base there was also a threefold purchase, with one block made fast to the clamp near the base, and the other attached to a toggle on the west of the foundation wall. The hauling part was made fast to a pin driven into the ground alongside the capstan.

At the word of command, the men began to haul gently on the down haul, and the men at the capstan gradually released the top. When the obelisk reached an angle of forty-five degrees, Lieutenant-Commander GORRINGE waved his hand, and ordered the men to hold it in position while Messrs. HARROUN & BIERSTADT took a photograph of it. This was done almost instantaneously. "Lower away!" shouted Lieutenant-Commander GORRINGE; and as easily and delicately as if it were the minute-hand of a lady's watch, the colossal stone moved again, and steadily swung into an upright position. Two hundred and nineteen and a quarter tons of stone, distributed in a length of sixty-nine feet two inches, are not turned in mid-air every day. As the heel of the great stone, pulled upon through reeves and blocks by half a dozen sturdy workmen, began to descend, the spectators, who crowded one another in the winter snow, and stood many rows deep behind the marines and sailor-boys, set up cheer after cheer.

If the camera has not done an injustice, the photographs taken when the monolith was half swung down should be in large demand, for the scene was brilliantly picturesque. Outlined against the snow at the north was a splendid line of troops from the United States Marine Battery at the Navy-yard, under command of Captain HENRY J. BISHOP, their light blue bright uniforms making a fine contrast with the black mass of people who crowded the knoll behind them. On the left of the line was the Marine Band, its brass shining in the sunlight, and its scarlet hat-bands glowing. Along the inner edge of the broad drive which fronts the Metropolitan Museum, and under a floating national flag, was drawn up a line of sailor-boys in navy blue and white leggings. These men were from the *Minnesota*, under Lieutenant-Commander W. H. WHITING.

At length the obelisk reached the perpendicular. Commander GORRINGE said, "Belay all!" and the monolith rested. The entire operation of swinging, including the delay for the photograph, consumed five minutes; but the obelisk was not finally and exactly lodged on the pedestal until a few minutes past eight in the evening. Nothing more remained to be done but to put the "crabs" under the shaft, remove the machinery, and take away the masonry built to sustain the tower and the trunnions.

THE NEW SENATE.

Two or three of the Senators whose portraits are shown to our readers this week are well known throughout the country; the rest are comparatively unknown, except in their own States. Four are Republicans and five are Democrats. Three of them—Mr. McMILLAN, of Minnesota, JONES, of Florida, and BURNSIDE, of Rhode Island—are re-elected. Of the other five, only one—Senator SAWYER, of Wisconsin—has been a Congressman before. Three were born in the States from which they hail as Senators—CAMDEN, of West Virginia, MAHONE, of Virginia, and GORMAN, of Maryland. Mr. SAWYER, of Wisconsin, was born in Vermont, Mr. McMILLAN, of Minnesota, in Pennsylvania, and General BURNSIDE in Indiana. General SEWELL, of New Jersey, and Mr. JONES, of Florida, are Irishmen by birth. The oldest man among them is Mr. SAWYER, who is sixty-four, and the youngest is Mr. GORMAN, who is only forty-two. General SEWELL is forty-five; Mr. JONES, forty-six; Mr. CAMDEN, fifty; General MAHONE, fifty-four; Mr. McMILLAN, fifty-five; General BURNSIDE, fifty-six; and Mr. BROWN, sixty.

Most of them are self-made men, who had to contend with adverse circumstances in early life, and fight their way up to places of distinction. Mr. JONES, of Florida, was a poor boy. He came to this country at the age of ten, and went to Florida in 1854, where for a time he worked at a carpenter's bench by the side of a slave. He secured an education by his own exertions, studied law, and becoming interested in Florida politics, was elected to the State Legislature in 1874, and to the United States Senate in 1875. There was an attempt to stir up opposition to his re-election on account of his lowly birth, but his constituents seem to be satisfied with his services. Mr. GORMAN, of Maryland, when a boy, was a page in the United States House of Representatives, and afterward in the Senate. So faithfully did he do his work that he was rapidly promoted, and finally became Postmaster of the Senate. He served four terms in the State Legislature, two in each branch, and during one term was Speaker of the House. In 1872 he was chosen President of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. Mr. SAWYER also began life in a small way. At the age of thirty, he was employed in a little saw-mill in Oshkosh; afterward he rented it, and worked eighteen hours a day. It soon brought him good returns, and a year later he had made enough to buy and pay cash for the little mill. To-day he is probably the richest man in the State.

The Virginia Senator, General MAHONE, has an interesting history. Born on the southern border of the State, and the son of a way-side tavern-keeper, he was looked down upon with contempt by the blue blood of the slave-holding aristocracy. But he soon showed intellectual power, and in public competition won a free scholarship in the best academy in the county, from which he graduated with honors. During the war he was an out-and-out rebel. Entering the Southern army, he fought courageously, and was finally promoted to a Major-Generalship. He was elected by the Re-adjusters, and is classed by the politicians as an Independent Democrat. Of late years he has devoted himself to the development of Virginia railroads, as President of several lines. His next-door neighbor, Mr. CAMDEN, of West Virginia, began life as a lawyer, but drifted into commercial life, and is now a man of immense fortune. He is one of the leading officers of the Standard Oil Company.

General BURNSIDE's public record is so well known that but little need be said of it. He was a gallant soldier, a graduate of West Point, and has been honored by his State with the chair of Governor, and afterward with the United States Senatorship, to which he has been re-elected. General SEWELL, of New Jersey, who succeeds Mr. RANDOLPH, also bears the record of a brave soldier. Beginning as a Captain, he became a Major-General, and was wounded both at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. He was elected to the State Senate from Camden County in 1873, and has been twice re-elected, serving for three years as President of that body. For several years he has been manager of the West Jersey Railroad Company, and is also interested in other railroad enterprises. Senator McMILLAN, of Minnesota, went to that State in 1852. He is a lawyer, and a man of unimpeachable character.

Senator BROWN is one of the most noted characters in the history of Georgia. Going there from South Carolina when a raw, lank boy, he settled in one of the mountain counties, and afterward began the practice of law. When twenty-four years old he was elected to the State Senate. At twenty-eight he was Superior Court Judge, and at thirty-six was elected Governor over HILL by 10,000 votes. This was in 1857, and he continued Governor until the end of the war. When the contest was ended he joined the Republican party, and boldly advocated the reconstruction policy. In 1872, during the GREELEY campaign, he returned to the Democratic fold, and has remained there ever since. But he has never regained popular favor, and is to-day the best-abused man in Georgia. He is worth over a million of dollars.

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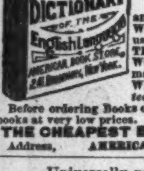

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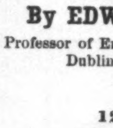

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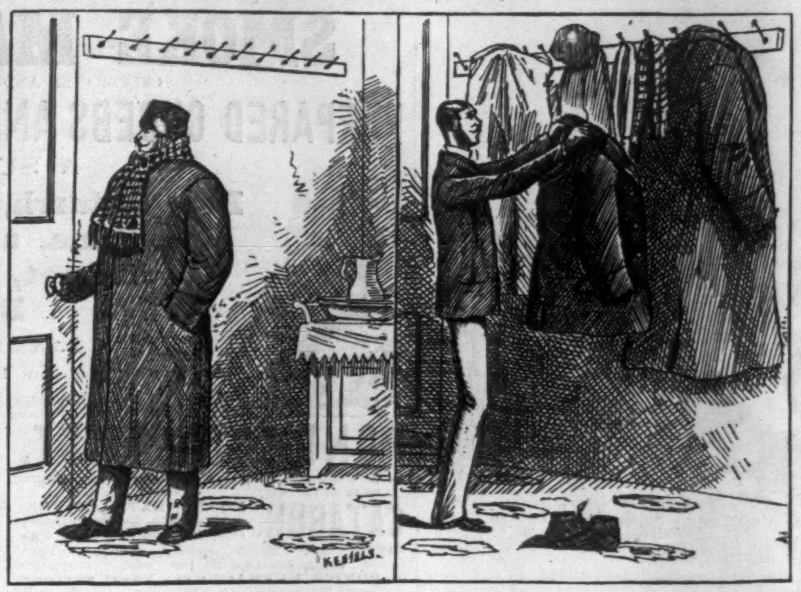

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